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CROMWELL.

CROMWELL:

HIS TIMES AND CONTEMPORARIES.

BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE," "DREAM LAND AND GHOST LAND," "JOHN MILTON," ETC.



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PATERNOSTER-ROW.



MDCCCLII.



CONTENTS.

CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY—EARLY SCENES—AND EARLY DAYS.

A FEW years since it would not have sounded too bold, if a writer, in introducing the great Hero of the English Commonwealth to his readers, intimated his determination to attempt, in defending him, to throw new light round his character, to plead for his right to a lofty place in human estimation, and to assert the honesty and integrity of his character, and the value and the worth of the great work he performed; to say this now, is almost a matter of supererogation: The time has gone by when Oliver Cromwell needed any man's good word,—the evidences of his life long consistency of purpose; the grandeur and durability of his legislative genius surround us on all hands. Gradually, from many quarters of a most opposite kind, proof has been accumulating; the wisest, who have been disposed to form an opinion adverse to the great English Protector, have confessed themselves compelled to pause before pronouncing;

B

others again, have ransacked the archives of state paper offices, the heaps of dingy family letters and scrolls, every shred of paper bearing Oliver's name that could be brought to light, has been produced; and the result is, that no name, perhaps in all history, stands forth so transparent and clear, so consistent throughout; it is the most royal name in English history, eclipsing in its splendour the Elizabeth's, the Edward's, and the Henry's; outshining the proudest names of the Norman, the Plantagenet, or the Tudor.

Doubtless, as we have often heard, great men are the out-births of their time; there is a providence in their appearance; they are not the product of chance, they come, God-appointed, to do their work among men, and they are immortal until their work is done. We should not perhaps speak so much of the absolute greatness of the men of one age, as compared with the men of another; they are all equally fitted to the task of the day. Let the man who most hates the memory of Cromwell, ask not so much what the land and the law were with him, as what they must have been inevitably without him. Remove the leading man from any time, and you break the harmony of the time; you destroy the work of that age; for an age cannot move without its great men,—they inspire it—they urge it forward—they are its priests, and its prophets, and its monarchs. The hero of a time, therefore, is the history of a time; he is the focus where influences are gathered, and from whence they shoot out. It has been said that all institutions are the projected shadow of some great man; he has absorbed all the light of his time in himself; perhaps he has not created, yet now he throws forth light from his name,—clear, steady, practical light, that shall travel over a century; his name

shall be the synonyme of an epoch, and shall include all the events of that age. Thus it is with Cromwell; hence, very happily, the time of the Commonwealth has been called the CROMWELLIAD.

If there be any foundation in the supposed distinction between race and race, it cannot be an unimportant thing to glance at the ancestry of a powerful man; and that of Cromwell is very curious more like the Tudors, whom he so much resembles, than that of any other royal names of England. He was descended from a Celtic stock by his mother's side. He was a ninth cousin of Charles I.* Elizabeth Steward, Mrs. Robert Cromwell, the mother of Oliver, was descended from Alexander the Lord High Steward of Scotland—the ancestor of the whole family of the Stewarts. This is one of the most marvellous coincidences occurring in history: but the family of Cromwell's father was from Wales. He was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell, himself eldest son and heir to Sir Richard Williams, *alias* Cromwell, who, as the issue of Morgan Williams, by his marriage with a sister of Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, assumed (like his father) the name of Cromwell. Morgan ap Williams is said to have derived his family from a most noble lineage, namely, that of the Lords of Powys and Cardigan, who flourished during the period of the Conquest. But of this we are not herald sufficient to declare the truth; however, all Welch blood is royal or noble. The elevation of the Cromwell family is to be dated from the introduction of Richard Williams to the Court of Henry VIII., by Thomas Cromwell, the son of Walter Cromwell, some time a blacksmith,

* For a stream of Cromwell's ancestry, and proof of this, see Forster's "Lives of British Statesmen," Vol. VI., pp. 35—307.

and afterwards a brewer at Putney, in Surrey, and a great favourite with the bluff old Hal. Richard Williams appears to have been (and he was) one of the few royal favourites who did not lose his head as the penalty of his favouritism. We have an account of a great tournament, held by King Harry, where Richard acquitted himself right gallantly. There the king knighted him, and presented him with a diamond ring; exclaiming,—"Formerly thou wast my Dick, but now thou art my Diamond;" and, bidding him, for the future, wear such a one in the fore gamb of the demi-lion in his crest, instead of a javelin as before. The arms of Sir Richard, with this alteration, were ever afterwards borne by the elder branch of the family; and by Oliver, himself, on his assuming the Protectorship, though previously he had borne the javelin. Henry, himself, it will be remembered, was of Welch descent; and he strongly recommended it to the Welch to adopt the mode of most civilised nations, in taking family names, instead of their manner of adding their father's and, perhaps, their grandfather's name to their own Christian one, as Morgan ap Williams; or Richard ap Morgan ap Williams.

Great was the munificence, and large the possessions of the Cromwell family. Our Oliver, indeed, appears to have been poor enough for so great a connection: but his uncle Sir Oliver inherited all the estates of his ancestor, Sir Richard; and these included many of those wealthy monasteries and nunneries, for the escheatment and confiscation of which Thomas Cromwell has become so famous.

Hinchenbrook, near Huntingdon, was the residence of Sir Oliver. There, no doubt, he kept up a magnificent old English cheer. Beneath his

gateway he received, and in his hall he entertained three English monarchs. Elizabeth, when she left the University of Cambridge, paid him a visit. King James I. was entertained by him several times, and also Charles I. But the great festivity of life was his reception of James, on his way to London from Edinburgh, when he succeeded to the English throne. High feasting days were those at Hinchenbrook House. The king came in a kind of state. Sir Oliver entertained all comers with the choicest viands and wines, and even the populace had free access to the cellars during his majesty's stay. At his leaving Hinchenbrook, after breakfast, on the 29th of April, he was pleased to express his obligations to the baronet and his lady, saying to the former, with his characteristic vulgarity, "Marry, mon, thou hast treated me better than any one since I left Edinburgh;" and an old chronicler remarks it is more than probable better than ever that prince was treated before or after, for it is said Sir Oliver at this time gave the greatest feast that had been given to a king by a subject.

We shall not have occasion to refer to Sir Oliver again throughout this biography, and therefore we may close this notice of him by saying that he continued throughout his life loyal to the cause of king and cavalier. He obliged all his sons to serve in the royalist army, and was ever more obnoxious to the parliamentarian cause than any person in his neighbourhood. At last he was obliged to sell his seat of Hinchenbrook, and he retired to live in silence and quiet in Ramsey, in the county of Huntingdon. His whole estates were sequestrated, but spared through the interposition, and for the sake of, his nephew. He never, however, courted the favour of his nephew, and no doubt was heartily

ashamed of him. The losses he sustained from his loyalty were so great that, as the shades of the evening of life closed round him, and found him deep in pecuniary difficulties, he is said to have been buried in the evening of the day on which he died, in the chancel of Ramsey church, to prevent his body being seized for debt.

But although we linger thus long upon the ancestry of Oliver, (perhaps it may be thought too long), it must not be supposed that we do so from any foolish efforts to make him appear to be disconnected with the ranks of toil and labour. The truth appears to be that Mr. Robert Cromwell, the brother of Sir Oliver, by no means shared either his brother's position or his wealth. The honours of the family would be, of course, reflected upon him, but his income never exceeded, independently, £300 per annum, and it is certain that he sought to increase his fortune by engaging in trade. He appears to have been a brewer, but he was also a justice of the peace for Huntingdon. He represented the same town in parliament in the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth; and he was one of the commissioners for draining the fens. He ap-appears to have been a plain and simple country gentleman; but it is probable his intercourse with the world had enabled him to give to his son views of men and things which might materially influence his impressions in after life.

Oliver Cromwell the most illustrious captain and legislator of any age, was born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599.

"His very infancy," says Noble, if we believe what Mr. Audley, brother to the famous civilian, says he had heard some old men tell his grandfather, "was marked with a peculiar accident, that seemed to threaten the existence of the future

Protector: for his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, having sent for him to Hinchinbrook, (near Huntingdon, the ancient family seat) when an infant in arms, a *monkey* took him from his cradle, and ran with him upon the lead that covered the roofing of the house. Alarmed at the danger Oliver was in, the family brought beds to catch him upon, fearing the creature's dropping him down; but the sagacious animal brought the 'Fortune of England' down in safety; so narrow an escape had he, who was doomed to be the Conqueror and Magistrate of three mighty nations, from the paws of a monkey. He is also said to have been once saved from drowning by a Mr. Johnson, curate of Cunnington; a fact more credible, perhaps, than that the same worthy clergyman should, at a future period, when Oliver was marching at the head of his troops through Huntingdon, have told him, that he "wished he had put him in, rather than have seen him in arms against his king:"—the latter part of which story is probably a loyal but fabulous appendage, tagged after the Restoration to the former.

It appears singular, that one of the most insignificant of the counties of England, should be the birthplace of the most marked and significant man of his age. By the quiet waters of the winding Ouze, amidst scenery, which although, never capable of sublimity, always wears an air of peculiar English picturesqueness,—there his first days were spent; in rambles about Godmanchester, and Houghton, and Warbois, all of them at that time under the ill fame of being witch haunted, and therefore visited cruelly by the atrocious Matthew Hopkins,—these were Oliver's play-grounds and sport places, and here probably his young head was haunted by strange dreams.

Anecdotes of the first days of men who have ever attained to any kind of command over their fellows are always important, they always form a clue to the state of opinion about them during their lifetime. It is probable that most of such stories are somewhat inflated in their tone, but they have a fundamental substance of truth and dramatic propriety ; and there are a few tales told of our hero which do appear to be in no slight degree illustrative of his after life, so we should expect it to be. Manhood is contained in boyhood. We cannot conceive Oliver inferior to his young comrades, either in physical or mental prowess : he was beyond all doubt, a burly little Briton, with large resources of strength, and from a shrewd comprehension of things, whether in sport or in school, and a musing, dreaming, half poetic, (in those days) all enthusiastic temperament, which no doubt frequently carried him far out of the reach of his playmates and companions. All childhoods are not cheerful—all childhoods are not exempt from care. Strong and sensitive natures are stamped with a wonderful precocity ; even in their cradles the shadows of future achievements, the prophecy of unperformed actions crosses the path. Dim and undefined their destiny rises before them like a painting on the mist, even in the very earliest of their years, and Oliver was of that peculiar temperament that it seems necessary to believe that such boyhood was his.

He went to Huntingdon Free Grammar School, and the place we believe is still shown, where he sat and studied his first lessons. Heath, a scurrilous compiler of a life of Cromwell who has been handed down to future years by Carlyle, under the patronymic of Carrion Heath, has, with a laudable zeal chronicled the number of dove cotes

robbed by our daring little Protector; with a meanness of malice, unequalled, he has recounted his adventures in breaking into orchards, and other such juvenile offences. For our parts we do not doubt both his capabilities and dispositions for such adventures.

More interesting will it be to us to notice the various traditions that have come down to us of the feats and appearances of those early days. Especially is it recorded that Charles I., when a child, was with his father the king at Hinchenbrook House, the seat of Sir Oliver, of which we have made mention above; he was then Duke of York. And that he should visit the old Knight is very likely, as we do know, that many times the hospitable gates were thrown open to the monarch and his family, either going or returning from the north to the English capital. But, upon this occasion, the future monarch and future Protector met and engaged each other in childish sport.

But what fixed the attention of the lovers of prognostications in that and succeeding ages, was, that "the youths had not been long together, before Charles and Oliver disagreed; and, as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; and Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose.' 'This,' adds our author, 'was looked upon as a bad presage for the king when the civil wars commenced.'

Certainly there is nothing unlikely or improbable in this anecdote; if Charles visited Hinchenbrook, and that he did, frequently, has all the certainty of moral evidence; he would surely

meet young Oliver, and he would certainly not be in his company long, we may venture to assert without a quarrel; Haughty obstinacy and daring resolution, the weakness and effeminacy of a child of the court, and the sturdy independence and strength of the little rustic farmer, would easily produce the consequences indicated in the story.

The same writer relates as "more certain," and what Oliver himself, he says, "often averred, when he was at the height of his glory," that, on a certain night in childhood, he "saw a gigantic figure, which came and opened the curtains of his bed, and told him that he should be the greatest person in the kingdom, but did not mention the word *king*;" and, continues the Reverend narrator, "though he was told of the folly as well as wickedness of such an assertion, he persisted in it; for which he was flogged by Doctor Beard, at the particular desire of his father;—notwithstanding which, he would sometimes repeat it to his uncle Stewart, who told him it was traitorous to relate it." Different versions have been given of this tale: it even finds a place, with much other serious anti-monarchical matter, in what Lord Clarendon so intemperately (as the great Fox observed) called his "History of the Rebellion;" but we dismiss it for the moment, again to recur to the pages of that indefatigable collector Mark Noble.

And yet, another incident recorded of these years, is connected with the performance of a comedy called "Linqua," attributed to Anthony Brewer, and celebrating the contest of the five senses for the crown of superiority, and discussing the pretentions of the tongue to be admitted as a sixth sense. It is certainly a proof of the admitted superiority of Oliver over his school fellows, that the principal character was awarded to him; and

truly there is something remarkable in the coincidence of some of his impersonations and the realities of his future life, in the character of Factus or the sense of feeling. The little actor came from his tyring room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of laurel. He stumbled over a crown purposely laid there, and stooping down he took it and crowned himself, it is said, but how likely that such things should be said, that he exhibited more than ordinary emotion as he delivered the majestical words of the piece. Nor may we refuse to believe that his mind felt something of the import of the words he uttered. All unconscious as he was, that he was uttering a prophecy connected with his own life; and he would perhaps recur to them when in after years he came from a position so lowly, so near to the neighbourhood of a crown, when the highest symbols of power were brought to his touch, and his name lauded in poetry and oratory, alike by friends and parasites, was placed on the level of the Cæsars and Alexanders, as he strode on from height to height of pride and power.

It may be interesting to our readers to peruse for themselves this famous scene; and here it is:—

ACT I. SCENE IV.

MENDACIO. TACTUS.

(*The speeches of Mendacio are to be understood as al spoken aside.*)

Mend. Now, chaste Diana! grant my nets may hold.

Tact. The blasting childhood of the cheerful morn
Is almost grown a youth, and overclimbs

Yonder gilt eastern hills; about which time,
Gustus most earnestly importuned me
To meet him hereabouts: what course I know not.

Mend. You shall do shortly, to your cost, I hope.

Tact. Sure by the sun it should be nine o'clock!

Mend. What a star-gazer! will you ne'er look down?

Tact Clear is the sun, and blue the firmament:
Methinks the heavens do smile.

Mend. At thy mishap,
To look so high, and stumble in a trap.

(Tactus stumbling at the robe and crown.)

Tact. High thoughts have slippery feet: I had well nigh fallen.

Mend. Well doth he fall, who riseth with a fall.

Tact. What's this?

Mend. Oh! are you taken? 'tis in vain to strive.

Tact. How now?

Mend. You'll be so entangled straight—

Tact. A crown!

Mend. That it will be hard—

Tact. A crown and robe!

Mend. It would have been better for you to have found a fool's coat, and a bauble; hey, hey.

Tact. Jupiter! Jupiter! how came this here?

Mend. Oh, sir, Jupiter is making thunder; he hears you not: here's one knows better.

Tact. 'Tis wondrous rich; ha! but sure it is not so: ho!
Do I not sleep, and dream of this good luck, ha?
No, I am awake, and feel it now.
Whose should it be? *(He takes it up.)*

Mend. Set up a *si quis* for it.

Tact. Mercury, all's mine own! here's none to cry half's mine—
Mend. When I am gone.

(*A Soliloquy.*)

Tact. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend:
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling block?
Roses and bays packe hence: this crown and robe
My brows and body circle and invest:
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured my head, that wrought this coronet!
They lie, who say complexions cannot change;
My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd
Unto the sacred temper of a King.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment:—how my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak; how sharp I threaten!
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars;—
Ye earth-bred worms!—O, for a looking glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre!
——Where's my attendants? &c. &c.

Oliver had a very stern schoolmaster, and whatever may have been the necessity existing for it, Dr. Beard is said, to have visited upon him a severity of discipline, unusual even for those severe days; thus we obtain glimpses of his early life, thus it comes before us; he was learning then, learning in many and various ways, around the hearth at Huntington; by the winter fire-side, he would hear the rumours from the great world,—the Popish Gunpowder Plot, he was six years old, when the news of this would reach his father's house.

He was eleven, when Henry of Navarre, the defender of the Protestants of France, was assassinated. Sir Walter Raleigh, too, the intelligence of his death, would be noted; and the quiet, and glorious end of the fine old martyr to Spanish Gold, and Spanish influence, would make some impression, even upon the quiet dwellers of Huntingdonshire. We do not know his playmates: one we have caught a dim shadow of, a royal playmate, no match for our stubborn little hero; another we may fancy with him, in the play ground, if not in the school-room, his cousin JOHN HAMPDEN, five years older than Oliver, kind, gentle, thoughtful, mild, he would temper the fiercer spirit; they certainly played together, and in those days knew each other—that surely is a scene on which Artist and Poet, may linger, the two boys, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, together—we attempt to follow them through their days of youth, their sports of the field; and strive to imagine, the two strong stately men, warriors, legislators, representative of English mind and opinion, disputants with a king, in their simple boyhood's life.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST LINES OF LIFE.

The schoolboy days are over, and we follow young Oliver to Cambridge; he entered, as a fellow commoner of Sidney Sussex College, 'on the feast of the Annunciation, the 23rd of April, 1616. Carlyle has not failed to notice a remarkable event which transpired on this day, and our readers shall have it in his own words:—"Curious enough," says he, "of all days, on this same day, Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

> '*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
> *Ætatis* 53. *Die* 23 *Apr.*'

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. Oliver's father had, most likely, come with him; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's father saw him write in the album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English history, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending; the second world-great thing that remains of English

history, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many Visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one people in its time plays many parts."*

But Cromwell's study at Cambridge was brief enough. In the month of June of the next year, he was called to the death-bed of his father; the wise, kind counsellor and guide of his youth was gone. Now he followed him, as the chief-mourner, to the chancel of the parish church of St. John's, and returned to the solitary hearth, to comfort, as he best might, his surviving parent. We do not know whether he returned to Cambridge; but it is probable that if he returned it was for a very short time; for he had now to prepare himself as quickly as possible for the bustle and reality of active life; as it would be necessary that he should take his place as director and head of the family. His detractors have been glad to make out a case for his ignorance in all matters pertaining to polite and elegant literature, and perhaps it could scarcely be expected that a youth whose studies closed in his seventeenth year should be a finished scholar; but facts stubbornly contend for the furniture and polishment of his understanding. He ever had a sincere respect for men of learning, and patronized and elevated them, and showed a disposition to honour literature in its representatives. He was wont to converse with the ambassadors he received, in Latin, and although Bishop Burnet has made it an occasion of jest, not one of the most learned of them speaks of his Latin with any slight or contempt. Beveridge writes to Jongstall, at the

* Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, vol. i. pp. 58, 59

Hague, that "last Saturday, I had a discourse of two hours with his excellency Cromwell without any body being present with us. His excellency spoke his own language so distinctly that I could answer him. *He*, Cromwell, *answered again in Latin.*" He is said to have been well read in Greek and Roman story; and it is known that he made it his care in life to become the master of a noble library. It is not contended that he was a scholar or a critic; but it appears certain that the charges, of the royalists, of his ignorance and insensibility to literature and art, were wholly without foundation. He does not appear to have been averse to study and contemplation, although, as an old chronicler has said, "he was rather addicted to conversation, and the reading of men and their several tempers, than a continual poring upon authors."

But the first years of Cromwell have not escaped another imputation beside that of inattention to learning. It is said that he led a life of wild and extravagant licentiousness; and, considering how active and unresting was his temperament, perhaps this might not appear impossible; but the principal witness in favour of this life is himself, and this in a few lines in the following letter:—

"To my beloved cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham, his house, called Otes, in Essex—Present these—

"*Ely*, 13*th October* 1638.

"Dear Cousin,

"I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own

your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God, by declaring what He hath done for my soul in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find, that He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which, they say, signifies *prolonging*—in Kedar, which signifies *blackness*—yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His tabernacle—to His resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the First-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

"Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of God than I. I have had plentiful wages before hand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say He hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it. Blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true; I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound to them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and

that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel—let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me. He is not a man of his word. He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more farewell. The Lord be with you—so prayeth,

"Your truly loving cousin."

Now, that this letter should be adduced as the great evidence of a licentious life, only shows the remarkable ignorance of those who write so, both of all religious experience in general, and of the mode in which religionists of that day in particular were in the habit of expressing themselves. Heath, with his accustomed malignancy, has raked together and written down, with all his natural coarseness of speech and tone, all that his age could furnish of reference to Oliver's youthful excesses. It is quite certain it stands upon no good evidence, so far as his own letter goes. We know how usual it has been for men of strong and profound feelings to write bitter things against themselves, even although their life had passed along with comparative, nay, with more than usual purity and equanimity. He was indeed sent by his mother upon leaving the university to Lincoln's Inn to study for the law, and it is possible that while there he may have plunged into the vices of the town for a season. A liar like Heath would be at no loss to make the most of this. He may have moved in society of various kinds. Disposed with that certain taste inherited by all men of his cha-

racter to read the varying shades and tones of character, he does not appear to have studied or continued at Lincoln's Inn long. He returned to Huntingdon, relinquishing all idea of a profession, determined to prosecute the pursuits of trade instead—listened perhaps to the injunctions of his venerable mother—felt the necessity of acting as became him as the head of a family. At any rate, we find him now commencing his life of silent, earnest labour.

CHAPTER III.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE monarchs and masters of mankind have seldom been able to abide the scrutiny bestowed upon their home and fireside. It is the most doubtful of all platforms upon which to examine a man, and especially a great man—a man whom the world has claimed; whose time and talents have been placed at the world's disposal; a man, irritated by contending factions, who has been compelled to appraise men and their motives, and frequently to appraise them very lowly. When we follow such a man from the Camp and the Cabinet, and are able to behold a fountain of freshness playing through the home-thoughts of the man—to see a perennial greenness about his life, with his wife and children, we seem to have applied the last test by which we attempt to understand his character. Now, it might be thought that Cromwell's character had but little home-life in it; yet it never changes: it opens before us in his youth, and a beautiful freshness and affection appears to play about it, until the close of his career.

There is something like an answer to the charges of his early wildness and licentiousness in the fact, that he wedded such a woman as Elizabeth Bour-

chier, the daughter of a wealthy knight, possessed of estates in Essex; for the consent of such a wife is almost a security for the character of her husband.

There is something truly affecting in the imaginary spectacle, so easily conjectured up, of Cromwell and his bride standing by the altar of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate—the church which was by-and-bye to receive the bones of Milton—the soft hand of Elizabeth—the rough strong hand of Oliver—the hand holding that little one in its grasp: it was to deal death-blows on battle-fields; it was to sign a monarch's death-warrant; it was to grasp the truncheon of royalty and power; it was to fold the purple of sovereignty over the shoulders; it was to wave back an offered crown—that frank, strongly-lined face, so youthful, yet prematurely thoughtful. And that kind and lovely creature face to face before him—through what a crowd of varying changes shall it sorrow and smile; in a lowly homestead! directing the work of maids and churls—in a palace and a court among nobles and sagacious statesmen—and, again, in silence and obscurity, and shining with the same equable lustre through all. Beautiful Elizabeth Bourchier! so humble, and yet so dignified.—Those who knew her have not neglected to inform us that she was an excellent housewife, descending to the kitchen with as much propriety as she ascended to her lofty station. How she shines in contrast with Henrietta, the Queen of Charles I. She appears to be fitted to fill a throne! Her name must not be included in the Biographies of the Queens of England; and yet not one more truly deserves there a chronicle than she.

A loving and beautiful wife, and Oliver appears ever to advantage in connection with all the memo-

ries we have of her, it is given to us to see something of their home during the period of about ten years that Cromwell remained in quietude and seclusion; the spectacle of that home, the interior of it, is very amusing to Hume, and sundry other historians; for it would seem there was prayer there, and the singing of hymns and spiritual songs, and the reading of scripture, and comments, and even preachings thereon. All this to a man of Hume's character was most laughable, and inexpressibly comic. It was all a part of the conduct of our fanatical hypocrite, who, however, Hume thinks, must have lost very much, and gone back in worldly matters in consequence. Now, with all deference to Hume's clearer perceptions, hypocrites do not usually like to lose by their religious profession,—to gain, is a part of their policy and determination; we suspect, however, that Cromwell did not lose, this is mere assumption without foundation: he would know of all men, both how to be "diligent in business and fervent in spirit." And Milton, in his account of him, which we shall presently quote at length, leads us to altogether another inference, when he says, "being now arrived to a mature and ripe age, all which time he spent as a private person, noted for nothing so much as the culture of pure religion, and an integrity of life;—*he was grown rich at home,* and had enlarged his hopes, relying upon God and a great soul, in a quiet bosom, for any the most exalted times."

Cromwell married August 22nd, 1620; before him there lies yet *thirty-eight* years of life; of these we shall find that, during nearly twenty of them, as Milton has said, "he nursed his great soul in silence," especially during the first ten years spent in Huntingdon.

A question has often been raised as to the nature of Cromwell's employment during those years at Huntingdon,—needlessly raised; for it can scarcely be doubted, that he took part in the management of his mother's brewery. All the satires of the times point to this, as the most probable employment. Walker, who wrote the "History of Independency," and prophecied that Cromwell (then only Lieutĕnant-General to Fairfax,) would assume the supreme sway, added to his prediction—"then let all true saints and subjects cry out with me, 'God save King Oliver, and his *brewing-vessels!*'" And speaking of Harry Parker, under the name of Observator, he notices his return from Hamborough, and that "he highly preferred to be a *brewer's* clerk (alias secretary to Cromwell.") Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman-street" has an allusion to Cromwell, when Worm is made to ask—"What parts hast thou? Hast thou scholarship enough to make a *brewer's* clerk?"

There is a sort of history in the old ballads of a country, and an epoch; and we may be sure that such a ballad as the following, would not have been written had it not owed its foundation to fact,—it runs over the chief events of Cromwell's life.

THE PROTECTING BREWER.

A brewer may be a *Burgess* grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the Knave,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be a *Parliament-man*,
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a *Captain's* place,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well,
That he may rise (great things to tell)
And so be made a *Colonel*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant-general may be,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a *Lord-general*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a *lecture* out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer, by his excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows what,
And *set upon the college gate*,*
Which nobody can deny.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a brewer be
Lord Chancellor o' th' University ?
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drank his cup of Nectar;
And a brewer may be a *Lord Protector*,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring;
To be an *Emperor*, or a *King*,
Which nobody can deny.

* An unimportant incident, of which no historian gives any very clear or consistent account.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul into the d—l in h—ll,
Which nobody can deny.

To the superintendence of the brewery we may be certain he added the superintendence of farms and fields, and about 1631, he removed from Huntingdon about five miles down the river Ouze, to St. Ives, renting there a grazing farm,—there he probably spent about seven years of life. Reader, if thou hast ever walked as the writer has done, by the banks of that river, through the lovely little rural villages of Houghton, and Hartford, and Helmingford, and Godmanchester, and the adjacent little ruralities, be sure thou hast trode through some of the most memorable scenery in England—in the world,—there he was accustomed to walk to and fro. Fancy, immediately at our bidding, presents him to us, by the fireside of the old gabled farm house, or in the fields attending to his farm affairs, mowing, milking, marketing. Oh, think of that Cromwell standing in the market with his fellow tradesmen, and striding through those fields and by those road sides, and by the course of the stream, then sedgy and swampy enough. What thoughts came upon him, for was he not fighting there the same battle Luther fought at Erfurth? he was vexed by fits of strange black hypochondriac: Dr. Simnot of Huntingdon, in shadow of meaning, much meaning expressions, intimates to us how much he suffered; he was oppressed with dreadful consciousness of sin and defect, he groaned in spirit like Paul—like later saints, Bunyan, for instance. A flat level country is it about St. Ives, and then probably much more like the fen country of Norfolk than the quiet lovely seclusion its neighbourhood wears at the present day; but there in

the experience of this man, powers of heaven, earth, and hell were struggling for masterdom. The stunted willows, and sedgy water courses, the flags and reeds, would often echo back the mourning words, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" What conception had he of the course lying before him? What knowledge had he of the intentions of Providence concerning him? Life lay before him all in shadow; for fifteen years he appears to have had no other concern than "to know Christ and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings." But then, it would be scarcely possible to hear from news and scattered report, how one and another of God's faithful servants were shut up in prison, fined, pilloried, and persecuted to banishment and death, without additional agony to the severe torture of the mind crying for salvation; nor would it be possible to hear of successive tyrannic exactions, and impositions—of libidinousness and intemperance at court, and throughout the country, without wonder, too, where all this should end. Men, called and ordained by God to great actions, have strong presentiments and mental foreshadowings, and thus Cromwell would be probably visited by mysterious intimations that he was in some way to solve the mighty riddle of the kingdom's salvation. But how? What madness to dream it! how?

Nor must we forget that during these years Cromwell had many times become a father; indeed, all his children were born before he emerged from the Fen country into public life. They were as follows:—

Robert, his first born, baptized 13th of October, 1621.

Oliver, baptized 6th of February, 1628. He was killed in battle early in the civil war. The

protector alluded to him on his death-bed. "It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did."

Bridget, baptized 4th of August, 1624. She was married to Ireton, and after Ireton's death, to Fleetwood, and died at Stoke, Newington, near London, September, 1681.

Richard, born 4th of October, 1626. Him Carlyle calls "a poor idle triviality."

Henry, baptized 20th July, 1628.

Elizabeth, baptized 2d July, 1629.

All the above children were born at Huntingdon, the following at St. Ives and Ely:—

James, baptized 8th January, 1631; died next day.

Mary, baptized at Huntingdon, 3th February, 1639.

Francis, baptized at Ely, 6th December, 1638.

In all five sons and four daughters, of whom three sons and all the daughters came to maturity at Ely; for about 1638 probably Cromwell removed to Ely. His uncle Sir Thomas resided there; his mother's relatives which of them were left were there, and now his mother herself removed there, probably with the idea of there terminating her days in the presence of first impressions and associations. The time draws nigh for Oliver to leave his silence, his wanderings lonely to and fro, his plannings, and his doubtings. The storm is up in England, and Oliver has become a marked man; he probably knows that he will have to take a prominent part in the affairs of the kingdom. Halt we a while to reflect on this. This obscure man, lone English Farmer, untitled, unwealthy, no grace of manner to introduce himself, ungainly in speech and in action, unskilled in war, unused to the arts of courts, and the cabals of senates and legislators—this man, whose life had passed alto-

gether with farmers and religious minded men, was at almost a bound to leap to the highest place in the People's Army, grasping the baton of the marshal —this man was to strike the successive blows on the field, shivering to pieces the kingly power in the land—himself was to assume the truncheon of of the Dictator—was to sketch the outline of laws of home and foreign policy, which all succeeding legislators were to attempt to embody and imitate —was to wring concessions to his power from the most haughty monarchies of ancient feudal Europe —and to bear up in arms England, fast dwindling into contempt, to the very foremost place among the nations—was to produce throughout the world homage to the Protestant religion, making before his name the fame and terror of Gustavus, of Henry IV., of Zisca, to dwindle and look pale, and this with no prestige of birth or education. Is it too much, then, to call him the most royal actor England, if not the world, has produced.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARLES I.—"THE IMAGE OF A KING."

It is impossible to understand those times without a knowledge of the character of the King against whom Cromwell mustered the forces of the Parliament. What were the grounds of the quarrel? For many years the idea has prevailed very extensively througout the country, sanctioned and endorsed by every kind of literature, that Charles was a most innocent and injured monarch. There are no limits to the follies with which a certain class of writers have entertained their readers in reference to him. He is said to have suffered long years of persecuting war, in the maintenance of his own rights and those of his people. He is called the "Martyr King," by our Established Church. A day is set apart, annually, to solemn fasting and humiliation on account of his death. By many he is even said and supposed to have suffered as a martyr in the defence of the Protestant religion. In all and every one of these particulars there is a departure from everything like truth. If ever the world was afflicted with a tyrant, Charles was one. If ever a monarch trampled on constitutional rights, and the privileges of the people, Charles did. If ever the Protestant Religion had a foe, Charles

was a foe to its doctrines and its tendencies. If ever a prince fell by a series of circumstances resulting from his own folly and perversity, Charles fell so. Standing before the whole facts and story of the times, it is difficult to conceive how the parliament could, with justice to their country, have acted in any other way than it did.

Charles was unfortunate by birth, and education, and temperament. He was the son, unquestionably, of the greatest fool that ever wore a crown—James I.,—who supposed himself equal to every kind of difficulty and knowledge, from a Blast at Tobacco, to a Blast against Witches and the Devil; who imagined himself set for the defence of the glorious doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings: and prided himself at once upon his skill in casuistry, his power in criticism, and the potency of his ecclesiastical authority. He was a complication of coarseness and vulgarity, only to be equalled in the Canongate of Edinburgh, in our own day; or some such filthy region of meanness and trickery, to which it is difficult to conceive any monarch descending: and, added to which, he does not pass free from the imputation of murder. Such was the father of Charles. His education was in harmony with his father's character. He was early initiated into the belief in the

"Divinity hedging kings."

His temperament was haughty, reserved, and melancholic, in an age when the classes of society were more and more closely assimilating together. He determined to stand by Prerogative, and to overstep it as often as it appeared to him to be necessary to do so. He wrapt and girded himself about with an exclusiveness which would frequently

be ridiculous, if it did not usually lead to consequences in themselves awful. Such was Charles! He was not a bad man; but, eminently a mistaken one in reference to his opinion, both of himself and of his age. He was a man by no means without religion—perhaps, with a high sense of religion.—He was a man of refined and elegant tastes, and cultivated them in the early period of his reign. He was doomed by the combination of his temperament and his age. He could not lead public opinion. He could not believe in the worth of other men beside kings and nobles; and the foolish exaggerations of his own mind were flattered and applauded by creatures, really worthless, who used his despotic sentiments as ladders to effect their own advancement.

One reverend time-server, a Dr. Sibthorpe, even went so far as to say from his pulpit, that in case the sovereign's commands proved contrary to the laws of God, or those of nature, or were actually of *impossible* execution, the subject must still "patiently undergo the punishment of disobedience, and so yield a passive, where he cannot yield an active, obedience;" and that the "king's command, in imposing loans and taxes, without consent of Parliament, did oblige the subjects, conscience, upon pain of eternal damnation."—It startled many a modest and pains-taking divine of that day, to observe how quickly church preferment followed the promulgation of the Doctor's political sentiments.

In estimating the character of Charles I., we must never forget that he had James I., for a father, Buckingham for a tutor and companion, and for his opponents and combatants, a set of men with minds so strong, so clear, so magnificent and sublime, that they would have brought any

king in England or France in any age to his senses, however, deeply and soundly asleep in the delirium of despotism and kingcraft.

Thus much we have presented by way of apology for the monarch; and now we may pass on to a review of his actions, and of the varied developements of his character.

And certainly, if there is one thing which ever met us in the review of a character; falseness meets us from the beginning to the end in the life and character of Charles. In the affair of his marriage, to pass over the singular fact, that the defender of the Protestant faith should marry a Roman Catholic, Princess Henrietta Maria of France; he was guilty of a treble falsehood. He pledged himself to Parliament, that in the event of his marrying a Catholic, it should not lead to the toleration of the Papists in England. He pledged himself at the same time to France, that no Catholic should be molested in England; and after guaranteeing to his wife the attendance of her Catholic favourites and servants, he ordered them in a fit of complaisance to Buckingham away from the palace. His conduct towards the inhabitants of Rochelle, is another illustration of his faithlessness; the occupation of that town was partial to the interests of the Protestants of France, and it might be supposed therefore, to be interesting to the defender of the Protestant faith in England. The destined one day to be the martyr of that faith, while it remained in the hands of the French Protestants; it was something like a pledge and guarantee for their safety, and that something like fair play should be extended towards their brethren throughout the country. Even before Charles came to the throne, while Prince of Wales, he joined with Buckingham in persuading James the First to com-

mit an actof treachery to the Protestants of Rochelle. Some English ships, which were fitted out ostensibly against Spain, at their instance were allowed to act against Rochelle, and would have done so, but that the seamen refused to fight. Nor did the duplicity end here: for notwithstanding an existing compact with France, at the instigation of Buckingham he afterwards fitted out an expedition in favour of Rochelle. Having done this, and induced the French Protestants to rely upon his co-operation, for a private and sinister purpose of Buckingham's the expedition was suddenly withdrawn, and the condition of the Protestants thereby made far worse than it would have been if no interference had taken place. Such was his perfidy towards the Protestant cause abroad: did he evince more honesty at home? No! he was false to Parliament in those momentous transactions relative to the celebrated Petition of Rights, which he went to the house professedly to sanction, and then, instead of adopting the usual form of royal assent, employed a roundabout phrase which should be respected. Being driven from this equivocation by the earnestness and determination of Parliament, he conceded the royal assent in the customary form; and yet, after this, had a number of copies of the petition (1500) printed, with the first equivocating answer attached, as if falsehood to the legislature and the people, though overborne for a time, promptly rose again to be paramount in his conduct. In Ireland he held out a promise of the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in that country, upon condition of their furnishing him with soldiers; and yet, at the very time, he denied the transaction in England, and professed the most earnest zeal for the protestant cause and religion. He was false even to the bishops. He conceded to Parliament

their exclusion from the House of Peers, but, according to the Eikon Basilike, he gave the prelates to understand, at the same time, that their exclusion should be a very temporary arrangement. He promised to the devoted Strafford that "not a hair of his head should be touched;" but not long after, allowed the head itself to be touched by the axe of the executioner. In the last stage of his career, when a prisoner he attempted to negotiate, separately and underhandedly, with all parties—the Parliament, the delegates of the army, the citizens of London, and his own partisans; playing so false a game all round, that it was evidently impossible to trust such a man. Thus his treachery proved his destruction: for had it not been for this duplicity, even at the very last his life would probably have been as safe as that of any person in the three kingdoms. He fell by the hands of the headsman, the martyr of duplicity.*

But it is time that we notice, more especially, some of those actions which eminently inflamed the nation against the monarch: Charles was determined to govern by prerogative, and not by Parliament; he found his Parliament opposed to despotism and to the enslavement of thought and opinion, and he, by proclamation, forbade even the word parliament to cross the lips of his people; meantime he could not do without money; he could not raise it legally because he would not call a parliament; he determined, therefore, to enslave the people, by raising money for the purposes of state, by monopoly, by the sale of privileges, and of every kind of unjust and intolerant exaction. A patent for the manufacture of soap was sold,—a very sad affliction

* See Mr. J. Fox's lecture on the Martyrdom of Charles I.

indeed; for, in addition to the cost and price, from the existence of the monopoly, for which £10,000 had been paid, the linen was burnt, and the flesh as well, in washing; the city of London was visited by an insurrection of women, and the Lord Mayor, because he yielded too much to them, was reprimanded, by the king's commandment, very sharply. In the same way every article of ordinary consumption was subject to the fetters of monopoly, and heavily taxed. Salt, starch, coals, iron, wine, pens, dice, cards, beavers, felts, bom lace, meat dressed in taverns, tobacco, wine casks, brewing and distilling, lamprons, weighing of hay and straw in London and Westminster, guaging of red herrings, butter casks, kelp and sea weed, linen cloth, rags, hops, buttons, hats, gatstring, spectacles, combs, tobacco pipes, saltpetre, gunpowder, down to the sole privilege of gathering rags.*

The reader will now have some idea of the method by which the king determined to raise money; there was the sale of places, especially of knighthoods, of the post of sheriff and under-sheriff; flaws in title-deeds were discovered by obsequious and corrupt lawyers and judges; speculations and inventions were engaged in, the privilege to exercise having been purchased from government. Hackney coaches were prohibited running in London. Sedan-chairs appear now for the first time; Sir Sanders Duncombe, having purchased from the king the right to carry people up and down in them, he instantly had fifty made for that purpose. A commission was put in execution against cottagers who have not four acres of ground laid to their houses, and mean and needy men, prisoners from the Fleet, were the persons put in

* Forster's Life of Pym, p. 64.

commission against them, to call the people before them, and to compound with them.

Is it wonderful that the people were driven to exasperation by acts so tyrannous as these? Can it ever be supposed that the man who contrived, or at any rate adopted, all these wicked expedients for filling his exchequer, was a friend of the people, or desirous of maintaining their privileges?

But bad as was the political condition of the people, their religious condition was worse. Charles stands between two eminently bad advisers, Laud, on the one hand, the superstitious Archbishop, cruel, determined to vindicate, so far as he could, by blood and persecution, the right of prelatical authority and episcopacy; and Strafford, the renegade, who had indeed belonged to the popular party, but had left his ancient comrades, Pym, and Hampden, and Hollis, to become the helper of the king, in his freaks of madness; there was an especial agreement between these three—they were all equally devoid of popular sympathy, they all three held in equal contempt the people, they all three were resolute and determined in the maintenance of things more according to ancient usage than to modern necessity; they were victims to formulas, they stood by ancient prescription and constitution,—they could not look into the spirit of a constitution and perceive its meaning, far less could they look into the spirit of an age and perceive its just demands. About Sir Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford, indeed, there does gather a haughty sublimity—dark, stern, immoveable,—surrounding himself with the influence of an eloquence wholly lacking ingenuousness and heart, but commanding respect from its rigidity, its firmness,—nay, its heroic and intrepid adherence to a bad cause. Laud, on the contrary, was simply an

old fool, rocked to and fro on and old gothic chair of corruption and abuse,—a lover of all and every kind of mummery,—who would willingly enough hail to prison and to pillory men better than himself, as much as an angel is better than a parrot,—because their consciences dissented from surplice, or stained glass, from flowers in churches, or theatrical performances on Sundays, he was determined on the destruction of non-comformity, by all and every sort of horrible mutilation, slitting men's noses, cropping off of ears, and other diabolical and horrible resources.

"In the year 1630, Dr. Leighton, father of the celebrated Archbishop, had been arrested by a warrant from the High Commission Court, for publishing 'An Appeal to Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy,' a work absolutely blasphemous in the estimation of Laud. He was condemned to be set in the pillory, to have his ears cut off, his nostrils slit, his cheeks branded with hot-irons, and to be publicly whipped. The sentence was executed in all its horrible severity, and the unhappy victim thereafter incarcerated in a loathsome dungeon, from whence, when he was at length released by the Long Parliament, after breathing its noisome air for upwards of eleven years, he could neither walk, see, nor hear. When the petition which gave an account of the dreadful barbarity of his treatment was read in the House of Commons, its reading was frequently interrupted by the members, who where moved to weeping; yet Laud, who had sat by to hear his victim condemned, pulled off his hat, and lifting up his hands, gave thanks to God who had given him the victory over his enemies."

"Prynne, a very remarkable man, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. The first crime that he commit-

ted, and for which he lost his ears, was his having published a work entitled "*Histriomastix*,—the Player's Scourge," directed against all stage-plays, masques, dances, and masquerades. The king and queen were fond of masques and dances, and Henrietta of France often won loud applause in the court theatricals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. His second crime was a work against the Hierarchy of the Church. As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the stumps on this occasion were literally sawn off. 'I had thought,' said Lord Chief Justice Finch, feigning astonishment, 'that Mr. Prynne had had no ears!'—'I hope your 'honours will not be offended,' replied Prynne; 'pray God give you ears to hear.'—Oliver's ear heard, and his heart throbbed with emotion.

"As Dr. Bastwick ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer: Farewell, 'my dearest, be of good comfort: I am nothing dismayed.'' The surrounding crowd manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations.

"On descending the scaffold, he drew from his ear the sponge soaked with his blood, and holding it up to the people, exclaimed: 'Blessed be my God who hath counted me worthy, and of his mighty power hath enabled me to suffer anything for his sake; and as I have now lost some of my blood, so I am ready and willing to spill every drop that is in my veins in this cause, for which I now have suffered: which is, for maintaining the truth of God, and the honour of my king against popish usurpations. Let God be glorified, and let the king live for ever.'

"When Mr. Burton, a puritan divine, was brought on the platform, and was asked if the pillory were not uneasy for his neck and shoulders, he answered: 'How can Christ's yoke be uneasy? He bears the heavier end of it, and I the lighter; and if mine were too heavy, He would bear that too. Christ is a good Master, and worth the suffering for! And if the world did but know His goodness, and had tasted of His sweetness, all would come and be His servants.'"

Such were the acts of Charles I.—acts that filled Oliver's soul with horror and anguish.

Our readers may now form some idea of the character of Charles I. and his reign. He is one of the last men whom we like to look on as an English monarch. Let the judicious reader attempt to understand how it was possible to avoid a *collision* with such a man. He treated all with contempt; trampled under foot all precedent, privilege, law, and authority, save his own. He would thrust Episcopacy and the Liturgy on Scotland; and when Scotland ventured to remonstrate, and remind him of the terms of the Treaty of Berwick, he caused their memorial to be burnt by the hands of the common hang-man, thus provoking and rousing to exasperation the spirit of that brave nation. He next quarrelled with his parliament, because they would not grant him money to support his war with the Scots. He sanctioned and encouraged the treasons of Strafford, and then, after his deliberate promise of safety, he signed his death-warrant, and allowed it to be carried into execution. The speech of that nobleman, upon the reception of the intelligence, "Put not your trust in princes," is well known. Finally, after finding himself foiled, and held at bay in his efforts to preserve royalty

from the conditions and restraints of his subjects—after in vain attempting to destroy all constitutional freedom—met and defeated by a band of the most solid and brilliant legislators the country has ever produced — he raised the standard of rebellion against the people. Yet this man has been, and is, called a *martyr!* *A martyr!* false every where and every way. The victim to his own folly and perfidy, sacrificed because *he would not* be saved. A day of humiliation and prayer and fasting has been set apart by the church of our country to commemorate his mournful memory. Language of Scripture, applied by prophecy and history to Jesus our Saviour, is applied to him: and still more ludicrous, in the same service prayers are put up for the reigning prince, of the very race which expelled and kept the Stuarts from the throne they had not the wisdom to fill; while, to crown all absurdities, of this very man, Charles I., Mr. Keble, when Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, published the following dirge or elegy in the "Christian Year":—

"Praise to our God! not cottage hearths alone,
  And shades impervious to the proud world's glare,
Such witness yield a monarch from his throne
  Springs to his cross, and finds his glory there.

Yes: wheresoe'er one trace of thee is found,
  As in the Sacred Land, the shadows fall:
With beating hearts we roam the haunted ground,
  Lone battle-field, or crumbling prison-hall.

And there are aching solitary breasts
  Whose widow'd walk with thought of thee is cheer'd,
Our own, our royal saint: thy memory rests;
  On many a prayer, the more for thee endear'd.

True son of our dear Mother, early taught
With her to worship, and for her to die,
Nursed in her aisles to more than kingly thought,
Oft in her solemn hours we deem thee nigh.

And yearly now, before the martyr's King,
For thee she offers her maternal tears,
Calls us like thee to His dear feet to cling,
And bury in His wounds our earthly fears.

The angels hear, and there is mirth in heaven:
Fit prelude of the joy when spirits, won,
Like thee, to patient faith, shall rise forgiven,
And at their Saviour's knees *thy bright example* own.'

CHAPTER V.

CROMWELL THE LORD OF THE FENS.

From this discursive view of the character of Charles we return to Cromwell. The first occasion of his appearance, in any service connected with the public, was on the occasion of the attempt made by the needy Charles to wrest from the Earl of Bedford and the People, the Fens which had been drained, for the purposes of his exchequer. The case has been variously stated. The brief history is somewhat as follows:—

In those days, some millions of acres of the finest plains in the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln, lay undrained. Several years before the period to which we now refer, the Earl of Oxford and other noblemen of the day had proposed to drain large portions of them, and in fact had done so. The Bedford Level, containing nearly 400,000 acres, had been completed, when it was found necessary to call in other aid; and a proposition was made to the crown, offering a fair proportion of the land for its assistance and authority in the completion of the whole.

Until now, all had gone on well; but hungry Charles saw here an opportunity of gratifying his cupidity. A number of commissioners came from

the King to Huntingdon; they, instructed by the King's own letter, proceeded to lay claim to 95,000 acres of land already drained, under various pretexts—such as corrupt and servile ministers know how to use. Cromwell stepped upon the stage of action, and the draining of the Fens was entirely stopped. Many writers affect to put a bad construction upon this first public act of Cromwell's; while, to any but horny eyes, the reason of the whole business is most obvious.

"The Protector's enemies would persuade us, that his opposition to Charles's interference arose out of the popular objection, supported by him, to the project itself; and, that the end he proposed to himself, and obtained, was its hindrance; forgetting, that if his, or the general wish, had been to impede the work, the time that would have been chosen for the attempt would have been at the revival of the idea some seven or eight years previously, and not, that, when so large a portion of it was accomplished in the completion (nearly) of the real Bedford Level. But the obvious utility of the undertaking would alone render the idea of extended opposition to it, grounded on its own merits, unlikely; and particularly as to Cromwell, from his known approbation and encouragement afterwards afforded to all such public-spirited schemes, and the thanks he actually received from William, the next Earl of Bedford, for his promotion of this identical one. It is proper to observe, that though the above-given account of this whole transaction is from Nalson Cole, who, as 'Register to the Corporation of the Bedford Level,' was, doubtless, generally well informed, yet that it differs from that writer, in stating the drainage of the Level to have been *nearly*, and not fully, completed at the time of the King's interposition. That it

was not then fully completed, appears from an act, *much forwarded by Cromwell*, in 1649, which runs :— 'And whereas Francis, late Earl of Bedford, did undertake the said work, and had ninety-five thousand acres, parcel of the said great level, decreed and set forth, in the thirteenth of the late King Charles, in recompense thereof; and he and his participators, and their heirs and assigns had made a good progress therein.' "*

Even Mr. Forster puts a forced construction upon Cromwell's opposition to the King; for he roused up the country, and the draining now became impossible. His name was sounded to and fro as a second Hereward. He was long after, and is to this day indeed, called "the Lord of the Fens." Why was this? There could be nothing in the mere fact of opposing the making the watery wastes habitable, calculated to arouse so stormy an opposition. The thing was most desirable; but, to drain them so—to give additional power to the bad crown—nay, to consent to the dishonest forfeiture of the lands of the men who had laboured first at this desirable scheme! Here was the cause!—the claim of the King is unjust! It is not wise or right that the King should have power here. Resist him and his commissioners, Cromwell did, as Hampden said, "He set well at the mark," defeated monarch and commissioners; and, after acquiring no small degree of notice and fame, he retired again into obscurity and silence.

Not long! his days of silence and quiet were now well nigh over. Charles was compelled to "Summon a Parliament," he wanted money; he only wanted a Parliament to help him to get it,—it was long since a Parliament had met. Parliament

* Thomas Cromwell's "Life of Cromwell," pp., 70—71.

when it met, determined that there were other things to attend to besides granting the king money; that precious short Parliament was a memorable one, and contained in it many memorable men, Knolles, Hampden, Elliot, Seldon, Cromwell as member for Huntingdon. This appearance of our hero was but for a very brief period, but it would introduce him to the most noticeable men of the popular interest. Forster has drawn a portrait in which there is great mingled power, freedom, and truth; it is an imaginary sketch of Oliver's first appearance in Parliament, in company with his cousin, John Hampden.

"Let us suppose," says he, "that he and Hampden entered the house together at the momentous opening of that famous Parliament,—two men already linked together by the bonds of counsel and of friendship yet more than by those of family, but presenting how strange a contrast to each other in all things, save the greatness of their genius. The one of exquisitely mild deportment, of ever civil and affable manners, with a countenance that at once expressed the dignity of his intellect and the sweetness of his nature; and even in his dress, arranged with scrupulous nicety and care, announcing the refinement of his mind. The other, a figure of no mean mark, but oh, how unlike that! His gait clownish, his dress ill-made and slovenly, his manners coarse and abrupt, and face such as men look on with a vague feeling of admiration and dislike! The features cut, as it were, out of a piece of gnarled and knotty oak; the nose large and red; the cheeks coarse, warted, wrinkled, and sallow; the eyebrows huge and shaggy, but, glistening from beneath them eyes full of depth and meaning, and, when turned to the gaze, pierced through and through the gazer; above these, again, a noble

forehead, whence, on either side, an open flow of hair 'round from his parted forelock manly hangs,' clustering; and over all, and pervading all, that undefinable aspect of greatness alluded to by the poet Dryden, when he spoke of the face of Cromwell as one that

> 'Did imprint an awe,
> And naturally all souls to his did bow,
> As wands of divination downward draw,
> And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.'

"Imagine, then, these two extraordinary men, now for the first time together, passing along the crowded lobbies of that most famous assembly,—Hampden greeting his friends as he passes, stopping now and then, perhaps, to introduce his country kinsman to the few whose curiosity had mastered the first emotion inspired by the singular stranger, but pushing directly forward towards a knot of active and eager faces that are clustered round a little spot near the bar of the house, on the right of the speaker's chair, in the midst of which stand Sir John Eliot, Sir Robert Philips, and Pym. The crowd make way for Hampden—the central figures of that group receive him amongst them with deference and gladness—he introduces his cousin Cromwell—and, among the great spirits whom that little spot contains, the clownish figure, the awkward gait, the slovenly dress, pass utterly unheeded; for in his first few words, they have discovered the fervour, and perhaps suspected the greatness of this accession to their cause."

The brief interruption to Cromwell's silent life, his return for the borough of Huntingdon was as we have seen and said, the only one, until he took his seat in the fourth Parliament of Charles I., for Cambridge. His election was most obstinately

contested, and he was returned at last by the majority of a single vote: his antagonist was Cleaveland, the poet. "That vote," exclaimed Cleaveland, "that single vote hath ruined both Church and Kingdom."

One is inclined to enquire what then had been the consequence, had Cromwell not been returned; yet, perhaps, the consequence had not been materially different, for the Parliamentary duties appear to have sat very lightly upon him. He spoke but seldom, and briefly; it was without in the world, amongst the people in decided action, that he appeared greatest. The particulars of him at this time are very full. A royalist contemporary, Sir Philip Warwick, writes thus: "The first time I ever took notice of him, was in the beginning of the parliament held in November 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman: (for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes,) I came into the House one morning well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untuneable; and *his eloquence full of fervour*—for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports: and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height, that one

would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, *for he was very much hearkened unto.* And yet I lived to see this very gentlemen, whom, out of no ill will to him, I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real, but usurped power, (having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company) in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence."*

This description of Cromwell's negligence in the article of dress, is corroborated by the (somewhat gossip-like) story, that Digby, one day going down the stairs of the Parliament-House with Hampden, and enquiring of the latter, not knowing Oliver personally, who he was—"That *sloven,*" replied Hampden, "whom you see before you, that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

And once more quoting: a passage from one of Dr. South's sermons will give us a hint of the general estimation of the appearance of the future Protecter, that same South, by-the-bye, who wrote a fine Latin eulogy upon the bankrupt beggarly fellow at the time he was Chancellor of Oxford, and Magistrate of Great Britain. "Who," said that conscientious divine, "who that had beheld such *a bankrupt beggarly fellow* as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament-House, with *a threadbare torn coat and a greasy hat,* (and perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have suspected that in the

* See Memoirs.

course of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested with royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?" "Odds fish, Lory!' exclaimed the laughing Charles, when he heard this from the divine who had panegyrised the living lord Protector; 'Odds fish, man! your chaplain must be a bishop. Put me in mind of him at the next vacancy.' Oh, glorious time for the Church! Oh, golden age for the Profligate and the Slave!"*

There, then, you see him in the House, that famous Long Parliament—the most remarkable Parliament ever summoned to sit in the history of the English nation. By this time, you may be sure, Cromwell and Hampden were the two most noted men of the popular party; the one the defeater of the king in the lordship of the Fens, and the other a still more celebrated man, from his supposed defeat by the king in the affair of the ship-money, an unjust subsidy levied by the king, and stoutly challenged by John Hampden, on behalf of all England.

And in that Long Parliament what things were to pass before Cromwell's eye, before the last decisive steps were taken? How must even his energetic mind have received new and invigorating inpulses from finding himself surrounded by so many brave and daring companions. Scarcely, indeed, had the Parliament met, before it proceeded to impeach Strafford, that mighty masterstroke, by which the powerful oppressor was in a moment cast down,—a prisoner in the hands of the people whose liberties he had so repeatedly outraged, and so daringly and contemptuously scoffed

* Forster.

at and insulted—a Prisoner, until liberated only by the hands of the Executioner. Daring indeed were the deeds of this Parliament: "a Bill was proposed," says GUIZOT, in his admirable and summary "History of the English Revolution," "January 19th, 1641, which prescribed the calling a Parliament 'every three years, at most.' If the king did not convoke one, twelve peers, assembled in Westminster, might summon one without his co-operation; in default of this, the sheriffs and municipal officers were to proceed with the elections. If the sheriffs neglected to see to it, the citizens had a right to assemble and elect representatives. No parliament could be dissolved or adjourned without the consent of the two Houses, till fifty days after its meeting; and to the Houses alone belonged the choice of their respective speakers. At the first news of this bill, the King quitted the silence in which he had shut himself up, and assembling both Houses at Whitehall, January 23rd, said, 'I like to have frequent parliaments, as the best means to preserve that right understanding between me and my subjects which I so earnestly desire. But to give power to sheriffs and constables, and I know not whom, to do my office, that I cannot yield to.' The House only saw, in these words, a new motive to press forward the adoption of the bill; none dared counsel the king to refuse it; he yielded, but in doing so, thought it due to his dignity to show the extent of his displeasure. He said, 'I do not know for what you can ask, that I can hereafter make any question to yield unto you; so far, truly, I have had no great encouragement to oblige you, for you have gone on in that which concerns yourselves, and not those things which merely concern the strength of this kingdom. You have taken the

government almost to pieces, and I may say, it is almost off its hinges. A skilful watchmaker, to make clean his watch, will take it asunder, and when it is put together again, it will go all the better, so that he leaves not out one pin of it. Now, as I have done my part, you know what to do on yours.' Feb. 16, 1641.

"The Houses past a vote of thanks to the king, and forthwith proceeded in the work of reform, demanding, in successive motions, the abolition of the Star Chamber, of the North Court, of the Ecclesiastic Court of High Commission, and of all the extraordinary tribunals."

Charles found that the dismissal of his previous parliament was one of the most ill-judged actions of his life. In this Long Parliament the same men were brought together, all of them who possessed any influence or power; but whereas they came first prepared to conciliate and deal with the king generously and loyally, they came now prepared to trim down to the utmost all his prerogatives, and to extend and assert the power of the people to the utmost. It was the great battle time of liberty and absolutism—the trial of monarchy and democracy. The king, beyond all question, pushed and urged his power to the utmost, and so hurried the popular party on far beyond their original intention and design. We have the famous "Remonstrance of the State of the Kingdom," which, after a debate, stormy beyond all precedent, was carried through the House, by the small and little satisfactory majority of *nine*—only this remonstrance was a direct elevation of the democratic over the aristocratic interest of the country. It was ordered to be printed and published without the concurrence of the Upper House, and was, in fact, an appeal to the people against the king. But this,

which so many have deprecated as wickedly unloyal and traitorous, was called for by the conduct of the king, who, during his absence in Scotland, in the time of its preparation, was known to be attempting to curb the power of the parliament, by the raising a northern army.

At this juncture the bishops precipitated matters by their unwise "Protestation," addressed by twelve of their number to the Upper House, a protestation which the peers themselves, in a conference they held upon the matter, declared to contain "matters of dangerous consequence, extending to the deep entrenching upon the fundamental privileges and being of parliaments." As to the bishops themselves, the commons accused them of high treason, and on the next day ten of them were sent to the Tower, the two others, in regard to their great age, being committed to the custody of the Black Rod.

Rapidly now came on the tug of war. The king issued a declaration in reply to the Remonstrance. He sent the Attorney-General to the House of Lords to impeach one of the popular members, Lord Kimbolton, together with Hampden, Pym, and three other members of the Lower House; and, as if determined that no act of his should be wanting to justify the opposition of his enemies, he went next day to the House of Commons, attended by desperadoes—"soldiers of fortune"—armed with partizan, pistol, and sword, intending to seize the members. This scene has been so often described, that it were quite a work of supererogation to describe it again here. Let all be summed up in a word. Reconciliation between the king and the parliament was now impossible. The privileges of the House had been violated in a manner in which no monarch had

dared to violate them before. And *such* a parliament—men of the most distinguished courage and intelligence in the kingdom. The members he sought had escaped through the window. They fled in haste to the city. Thither the most distinguished members of the House followed them. They were protected by the common council from the king, who himself followed them to the city, demanding their bodies, but in vain. He was his own officer, both of military and police; but as he went along, the growls of "Privilege, privilege—privilege of parliament," greeted him everywhere. One of the crowd, bolder than the rest, approached his carriage, shouting, "To your tents, Oh Israel." The king had given the last drop to fill up the measure of contempt with which he was regarded. He had struggled with his parliament, and he was unsuccessful. Here was a hint for such men to act upon. And petitions from all parts of the land poured in, from vast bodies of the people, declaring their intention to stand by the parliament; from counties, cities, towns, parishes, trades; the *porters* petitioned, to the number of fifteen thousand; the *apprentices* petitioned; the *watermen* (*water-rats*, Charles called them), petitioned. And we may gather the state of domestic confusion from the fact that the women petitioned. The mind of the country was roused against the monarch. Meantime, the exiled members were brought back in triumph to the House, amidst the pealing of martial music, flags waving from the mast-heads of all the vessels on the river, the masts covered with shouting sailors, and the long procession of city barges—for at that day most great triumphal processions took place on the Thames. And while the five members stepped into the House, the House rising to receive them, Charles fled to

Hampton Court, nor did he see his palace at Whitehall again until he beheld it as a prisoner, and stepped from its banqueting house to a scaffold.

We have no idea, in these pages, of presenting to the reader a history of the times; but in this running stream of incident he will be able to gather the description of platform preparing for the deeds of Cromwell. Of course the House was emboldened by its triumph. It no doubt judged that Charles, by his ignorance and his injudiciousness, had made himself unfit to guide the affairs of the nation, and the demands of the House were therefore now proportioned to their triumphs. They demanded the keeping of the Tower, and all the principal fortresses of the kingdom. They demanded the choosing and control of the militia, the army and navy being then so called. And upon his refusal, the House conferred upon themselves the powers they had desired. The king issued a proclamation against them, which was in turn declared to be void in law. The king now left Hampton Court, proceeding towards York. He appeared before Hull, hoping by surprise to obtain possession of a large quantity of military stores deposited there. Thus the king begun the work of insurrection. The parliament, in anticipation of the king's design, directed the several counties to array, train, and muster the people, as in cases of domestic insurrection. And the king retorted upon the parliament by issuing a proclamation for suppressing the rebellion; and shortly after, coming to Nottingham, he there erected his standard, August 25th, 1642, in the midst of a loud storm, which, none failed to notice, blew it down the same evening. Thus he began the civil war. Cromwell at this time was forty-three years of age.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAINING OF THE IRONSIDES.

WHILE all these events were passing, we can very well believe that the clear eye of Cromwell saw where it must all shortly terminate ;—that in fact, there was nothing for it but a battle-field ; and he was amongst the most prompt and decisive of all the actors. His genius was too bold, too clear-sighted to shine in the mazes of debate, and the labyrinths of legal technicality. The battles against the King, with lawyers and verbal hair-splitters, were best fought by Pym and Hampden ; but, outside in the affairs of the camp, and in that legislation which depends on a swift, clear eye, and a strong, rapid arm—Cromwell was the man! He distributed arms in the town of Cambridge, which he represented. He raised a troop of horse out of that county and Huntingdonshire; and, as soon as he received his commission of captain, he began his career of conquest. It is believed that he struck the first severe blows at the royal party; for he seized the magazine of Cambridge, for the use of the Parliament : and by stopping a quantity of plate, on its way from the university to the King at York, he cut off the expected supplies. He utterly prevented the raising a force for the

King, in the Eastern Counties; and arrested the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, at the very moment the latter was about to publish the proclamation of the King, declaring "the Parliament Commanders all Traitors!" The discipline of his troops, their bravery, and their sobriety, have been the admiration of men ever since.

It was about this time that the appellations of "Cavalier" and "Roundhead" came into general use, to denote the opposite parties. The former, it is well known, designated the King's friends; and of the origin of the latter, Mrs. Hutchinson gives the following account:—

"When Puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguisht themselves, both men and women, by severall affectations of habitt, lookes, and words, which, had it bene a reall declension of vanity, and embracing of sobriety in all those things, had bene most commendable in them," &c.

"Among other affected habitts, few of the Puritanes, what degree soever they were of, wore their haire long enough to cover their eares; and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peakes, as was something ridiculous to behold. From this custom of wearing their haires, that name of 'Roundhead' became the scornful terme given to the whole parliament party; whose army indeed marcht out so, but as if they had bene sent out only till their haire was growne." Two or three years afterwards, however, she continues, (the custom, it may be presumed, having declined) "any stranger that had seen them would have enquired the reason of that name."

These explanations have been introduced here, because it has been usual to give the epithet "Roundhead," to Cromwell's soldiers, on account

of the shape of the helmet. Nothing can be more erroneous. The more usual term given to those soldiers immediately beneath Cromwell's own command was "Ironsides." It is very important to notice the training of these men, for they again and again turned the tide of battle. They were not ordinary men; they were mostly freeholders, or freeholders's sons—men who thought as Cromwell thought, and over whom he had acquired an influence, from their residing in his neighbourhood. To all of them the civil war was no light game; it was a great reality: it was a battle, not for carnal, so much as spiritual things and they went forth and fought therefor.

Hence "I was," said Cromwell, "a person that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and I did labour (as well as I could) to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him, and I did truly and plainly, and then in a way of foolish simplicity (as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too), desire to make my instruments to help me in this work; and I will deal plainly with you. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all, Mr. John Hampden. At my first going out into this engagement I saw their men were beaten at every hand; I did indeed, and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's army of some new regiments, and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you, God knows I lie not; 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and

such kind of fellows, and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will be ever able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour and courage, and resolution in them?'—Truly, I presented him in this manner conscientiously, and truly did I tell him, 'you must get men of spirit. And take it not ill what I say (I know you will not), of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still;' I told him so, I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one; truly I told him I could do somewhat in it; I did so; and truly I must needs say that to you (impart it to what you please), I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they engaged against the enemy they beat continually."

How decisive a proof is this of Cromwell's genius, this enlisting the religious enthusiasm of the country on the side of the Parliament—thus fronting the idea of lofty birth with Divine ancestry,—loyalty to the king, with loyalty to God,—immense possessions with heirship to a Divine inheritance,—and obedience to the laws and prerogative of the monarch with obedience to those truths unengraven on the tables of stone, but written by the Divine Spirit on the fleshly table of the heart, in the heroism of discipline, and faith, and prayer.

"As for Noll Cromwell," said the editor of a newspaper of the day (the then celebrated Marchmont Needham), with to the full as much truth as intended sarcasm, "he is gone forth in the

might of his spirit, with all his train of disciples; every one of whom is as David, a man of war, and a prophet; gifted men all, that resolve to do their work better than any of the sons of Levi." "At his first entrance into the wars," observes the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, "being but captain of horse, he had especial care to get *religious* men into his troop: these men were of greater understanding than common soldiers, and therefore were more apprehensive of the importance and consequences of the war. By this means indeed, he sped better than he expected.—Hereupon he got a commission to take some care of the associated counties; where he brought this troop into a double regiment of fourteen full troops, and all these as full of *religious* men as he could get: these, having more than ordinary wit and resolution, had more than ordinary success."

But Cromwell himself has given to us the history of these immortal troops: he tells us how he saw that the Parliamentarians must have been beaten, unless a better race of men could be raised —men who would match the high notions of chivalry and loyalty, and overreach them with a nobler and worthier feeling. Cromwell plainly saw that, even in battles, it is not brute force that masters, but invincible honour and integrity, and faith in the purity and truth of the cause.

"But, not contenting himself with the mere profession of religion in his men, 'he used them daily to look after, feed, and dress their horses; taught them to clean and keep their arms bright, and have them ready for service; to choose the best armour, and arm themselves to the best advantage.' Upon fitting occasions, and in order to inure their bodies to the service of the field, he also made them sleep together upon the bare ground; and, one day, be-

fore they actually met the enemy, tried their courage by a stratagem. Leading them into a pretended ambuscade, he caused his seeming discovery of danger to be attended with all the 'noise, pomp, and circumstance' of a surrounding foe; terrified at which, about twenty of the troop turned their backs, and fled; and these he directly dismissed, desiring them, however, to leave their horses for such as would fight the Lord's battles in their stead. Thus trained, when the contest really ensued, Cromwell's horse 'excelled all their fellow soldiers in feats of war, and obtained more victories over the enemy.' And if they excelled them in courage, so did they also in civility, order, and discipline. The court journal, indeed, the *Mercurius Aulicus*, charged them with many cruelties and excesses, of which every circumstance proves the maliciousness and falsehood. For, while a very large number of the king's party, in sober truth, gave themselves up to every species of debauchery in their own persons, and to all manner of spoilation of the peaceable inhabitants, of whom they speedily became the terror and detestation, another contemporary print justly said of Cromwell's soldiers—'no man swears, but he pays his twelvepence; if he be drunk, he is set in the stocks, or worse; if one calls the other Roundhead, he is cashiered;—insomuch, that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join them. How happy were it if all the forces were thus disciplined.'"

Nor will the reader fail to notice the practical eye, the fiery sincerity of this man.

"He told them," says Forster, "that he would not seek to perplex *them* (since other officers, he had heard, instructed their troops in the nice legal fictions of their civil superiors in parliament) with

any such phrases as fighting for *king and parliament;* it was for the parliament alone they were now marching into military service; for himself, he declared that if he met King Charles in the body of the enemy, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man; and for any soldier present, therefore, who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he advised him to quit the service he was engaged in. A terrible shout of determined zeal announced no deserter on that score, and on marched Cromwell and his Ironsides—then the seed, and soon after the flower, of that astonishing army, which even Lord Clarendon could describe as one to which victory was entailed, and which, humbly speaking, could hardly fail of conquest, withersoever led—an army whose order and discipline, whose sobriety and manners, whose courage and success made it famous and terrible all over the world."

Can our readers conceive these men? The writer is very desirous that they should do so; for they were the genius of the army. Let them be compared with Rupert and his soldiers. Prince Rupert, called also "Prince Robber"—called also "The Son of Plunder." These patronymics suggest very different reflections to those we have just indulged, in reference to the Ironsides. Wherever the cavaliers went, they were a scourge and a curse. In Gloucester, in Wilts, what histories have we of them and their depredations. They were, for the most part, apparently, an undisciplined rabble, without bravery or determination, if we except their officers: and we shall see, from the course of the history, that Rupert was a madcap prince, and his imprudence the worst enemy Charles had, next to his own.

There is nothing more remarkable, in the course of this Civil War, than the fact. that men who had just come from the market and the plough, should meet the Cavaliers on their own ground and defeat them. The Royalists prided themselves on their military character—war was their trade and their boast; swordsmen! they professed to be skilled in all the discipline and practice of the field. It was their ancestral character,—it was the crest and crown of their feudalism, and defeated in war, they had nothing further to boast of. How was it? The history they have given in some degree explains it; but the principal reason, after all, is found in the higher Faith. Look at the watch-words of the two armies as they rushed on to conflict —"Truth and Peace,"—"God is with us,"—"The Lord of Hosts,"—such mottoes contrast favourably with "The King and Queen Mary,"—"Hey! for Cavaliers!"—or even of "The Covenant." These men charged in battle as if beneath the eye of God; to them it was no play, but business; they knew that they rushed on, many of them to their death, but they heeded not that, their spirit's eye caught visions of waiting chariots of fire, and horses of fire, hovering round the field, and they advanced to the conflict, mingling with the roar of musquetry and the flash of steel, the sound of psalms and spiritual songs.

How little have these men been known. The novelist has delighted in decorating the tombs of their antagonists, but has cared little for them;—Romance has spread its canvass and Poetry her colours, to celebrate the deeds of Rupert and his merry men.—Has it been ignorance? or that disposition of the human spirit which refuses to see the lofty piety and determined heroism of a religious soul? Looked at from that point of view

from which most men would regard them, the Puritans, and the soldiers who fought the battles for them, must seem fanatics; for they believed steadily in another world, and lived, and fought perpetually as beneath its influence. Of course, every one was not *such* an one; but we judge of things by wholes—"by their fruit ye shall know them"—what was their general character. It is not wonderful that we detect in them some exaggeration—a lofty spiritual pride, inflation of speech, hardness, insensibility to human passion,—the school in which they were trained was a very severe one; their rules were binding by a most impressive authority. Let the man who would judge them, look at them not from the delineations of Sir Walter Scott, or James, but from the period in which they lived, from the circumstances by which their characters were fashioned and made, and to the men to whom they looked as leaders; or let him take the chronicles of the time, and he will be at no loss to spell out the glory of their name—"their enemies themselves being judges."

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST SKIRMISHES.

It was only where Cromwell was, that the popular army prospered. His achievements took the country,—took all men by surprise. Public opinion soon began to "pit" him against Prince Rupert.—"I would that some one would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me alive or dead!" said Charles.

But, for a long time the Royalists had it nearly all their own way. The Parliament was sore beset, and in great difficulty; and the King no doubt expected soon to be monarch and master of all—property, conscience, religion, law. The parliament at first committed the command of their armies to men who, from their position, tastes, and birth, feared the issue of the contest. The Earl of Essex, especially, the General of the Forces, was at once afraid to win or to lose; afraid at once, of serving king, and parliament. This was still more true of the Earl of Manchester, one of the principals in command; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, the subsequent general, in all his conduct lies open to the same charges. Fear mingled with all their councils, and all the actions of these men—and no wonder. They were decided in their sympathy

with the popular sentiments, but they were also fearful of conquering the King. They found themselves in a post, the honour of which they coveted, but which, to them, was dangerous, from the possibility that they might encounter royalty on the field. Cromwell had no such fastidiousness; and, therefore, could act with more decision and fearlessness. Had Hampden lived, he had certainly risen to the chief command; but he fell very early in the Battle of Chalgrove Field. He returned from the field mortally wounded, and the sorrowing nation named him "the Father of his Country!" He was indeed a great man—one of the most illustrious of that little, but mighty, band of statesmen, who hastened on and directed the affairs of the people in those times. The relief of Gainsborough was the first conspicuous action in which Cromwell was engaged. "This," Whitelock says, "was the beginning of his great fortunes; and now he began to appear in the world: here he first became intimate with Ireton."

"This famous man," says Forster, "was at the time a captain in Colonel Thornhaugh's regiment; but, hearing of Cromwell's brave intentions in this matter, solicited leave to join him in the enterprise, and a lasting bond of friendship was thereafter sealed betwixt them. Cromwell had perhaps the most surprising faculty in selecting his friends or agents of any man that ever played a great part in the world; and it might possibly be taken as in some sort an evidence of the purity of his present motives that he now selected Ireton. Eleven years the junior of Cromwell, this gallant and virtuous man had been bred to the Bar, and had distinguished himself thus early by the projection of various legal and constitutional reforms of a very striking and philosophical character. His opinions,

however, were all republican, and his integrity so stern and uncompromising, that no worldly motives or advantages ever changed or modified those convictions of his mind. Nor did military services ever transport him out of philosophical or meditative habits, since he was able with amazing facility, as Hume has, with a misplaced sneer, observed,—'to graft the soldier on the lawyer—the statesman on the saint.' Three years after the relief of Gainsborough, this excellent person married Cromwell's eldest daughter, Bridget, then in her twenty-first year—having, instantly upon the former action, Mrs. Hutchinson tells us, 'quite left Colonel Thornhaugh's regiment,' to join that of the greater colonel whose conduct and genius had 'charmed him.'"

But, to see the worth of Cromwell, the reader must not follow merely on the line of his march—the reader must rather follow Essex, who was making but little impression against the King, and who was half suspected of latent attachment to the royal cause. The Battle of Newberry, indeed, reflects honour upon him; but the cause of the Parliament, on the whole, presented much room for despair.

Then was formed, by the motion of Pym, the Solemn League and Covenant, a league by which the Scots engaged to aid their brethren in England; the deed was ratified at Westminster, Cromwell affixed his name to it, and the result was that an army was summoned from Scotland "of all fencible men from sixteen to sixty," to the help of England. Linger yet a little over the field at Wainsby, near Horncastle, Cromwell and Fairfax were there together. "Come," said Fairfax, with an inspiration marvellous to us, from Him, "let us fall on! I never prospered better than when I fought against

the enemy three or four to one." Then Cromwell's extraordinary influence over his Ironsides was beheld; he thundered along their ranks the watch-words, "TRUTH AND PEACE!" he gave out a psalm, and officers and men struck up as they rushed on to the contest. "CHARGE IN THE NAME OF THE MOST HIGH!" said he, and they darted on the foe, almost thrice as numerous as themselves. Cromwell's horse was killed under him; he rose again,—again he was struck down—again *that* life was rescued, and he joined hand to hand, seizing a "sorry horse," and with his soldiers pursued the astounded royalists, scattered, defeated, slaughtered to the gates of the old city of Lincoln.

Scotland for the Parliament! Ireland for Charles!

On the 19th of January, 1644, the Scots entered England by Berwick, marching knee-deep in snow. They numbered 21,000 men, and were headed by the veteran Lesley, now Earl of Leven. The royalists were effectually checked, and taken in the rear. Newcastle's army, strongly reinforced by Irish levies to the great indignation of the Protestant and Puritan party, was compelled to fall back. The main division of the parliamentary army, inspirited by the hearty forwardness in these allies, pushed their advantages on every hand. Manchester and Cromwell—now lieutenant-general—moved northward to co-operate with the Scots. The other divisions, under Essex, Waller, and Fairfax, vigorously emulated their example, in spite of the inclement season; and soon the whole prospect of the parliamentary cause began to assume a new aspect. Charles had made truce with the rebels of Ireland, and thousands of men joined the royal standard; but their religion as Papists, and the bloody massacres they had perpetrated on the Pro-

testants of Ireland, did more to discredit the cause they were serving, than any addition in point of numbers could compensate for. They carried their savage manners with them, and helped, with Prince Rupert and his dragoons, to make the cause of Charles detestable to every county through which they passed. Against such allies, the parliament were fortunate in being able to oppose 21,000 Covenanters; every man of them *with a spirit in him*, such as Cromwell longed for when he saw the base spirit of the first raw levies of "decayed serving-men and tapsters," and felt how poor a match they were for the cavaliers of Charles, with their high notions of honour and chivalrous loyalty.

It is also about this time that we have two or three pleasant and beautiful glimpses of Oliver, very characteristic and very striking.

Sir John Goodricke used to relate a remarkable anecdote, which we should probably assign to the siege of Knaresborough Castle, in 1644, and which was told him, when a boy, by a very old woman, who had formerly attended his mother in the capacity of midwife. "When Cromwell came to lodge at our house, in Knaresborough," said she, "I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man, I looked at him with wonder: being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room, untying his garters. Having aired the bed, I went out, and shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the key-hole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time; when returning again, I found him still at prayer; and this was

his custom every night, so long as he stayed at our house; from which I concluded he must be a good man; and this opinion I always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused."

No! we should say there would be no shaking this woman's faith in him; to her he would appear as what he was—genuine and transparent. How many of Cromwell's maligners? How many of us writers or readers would stand the test of the key-hole?

The following *Nota Bene* illustrates the honesty of Cromwell, and may stand in contrast with the robber Rupert, who stole everywhere, and from all parties. "I understand," writes Cromwell, "there were some exceptions taken at a horse there was sent to me, which was seized out of the hands of one Mr. Goldsmith of Wilby. If he be not by you judged a Malignant, and that you do not approve of my having the horse, I shall willingly return him again as you shall desire. And therefore, I pray you, signify your pleasure to me herein, under your hands. Not that I would, for ten thousand horses, have the horse to my own private benefit, saving to make use of him for the public:—for I will most gladly return the value of him to the state, if the gentleman stand clear in your judgments.—I beg it as a special favour, that if the gentleman be freely willing to let me have him for my money, let him set his own price, I shall very justly return him the money; or, if he be unwilling to part with him, but keeps him for his own pleasure, be pleased to send me an answer thereof; I shall instantly return him his horse, and do it with a great deal more satisfaction to myself, than keep him. Therefore, I beg it of you, to satisfy my desire in this last request; it shall exceedingly oblige me to

you. If you do it not, I shall rest very unsatisfied, and the horse will be a burden to me so long as I shall keep him." It gives us a a firm idea of the notions of probity and honour, in the ranks of the Parliament Men, this little instance; and sad as were the civil wars and greatly to be deplored, it is very noticeable that they were conducted on behalf of the Parliament, with high regard to the demands of religion—and honour—and justice.

We have one other little instance, which we find occurring in the year, 1643-4. Oliver was now Governor of the Isle of Ely, and lived there, when at home with his family; now a certain Rev. Mr. Hitch persisted in doing service in Ely Cathedral, in theatrical form, that is with surplice and other "stage properties, and prayers by machinery;"* all this the Parliament had determined to stop by the hand of the soldiery, if not stopped otherwise to him, therefore wrote Oliver the following note:—

To the Rev. Mr. Hitch, at Ely, these

Ely, 10th January, 1643.

Mr. Hitch,

Lest the soldiers should in any tumultuary, or disorderly way attempt the reformation of the Cathedral Church, I require you to forbear altogether your Choir Service, so unedifying and offensive; and this as you shall answer it, if any disorder should arise thereupon.

I advise you to catechise, and read and expound the Scripture to the people; not doubting but the Parliament, with the advice of the Assembly of Divines will direct you further. I desire your sermons, too, when usually they have been—but more frequent.

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Mr. Carlyle remarks "to this Mr. Hitch paid no

* Carlyle.

attention, but persisted in his Choir service; whereupon enter the Governor of Ely with soldiers, with a rabble at his heels, say the old *Quereles.*—With a rabble at his heels with his hat on, he walks up to the Choir, and says, audibly, "I am a man under authority, and am commanded to dismiss this assembly;" then draws back a little that the assembly may dismiss with decency.

Mr. Hitch has paused for a moment; but seeing Oliver draw back, he starts again,—"As it was in the beginning"—

"Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!" said Oliver, in a voice still audible to his auditor; which Mr. Hitch did now instantaneously give ear to. And so, with his whole congregation, files out, and vanishes from the field of history.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARSTON MOOR.

The old city of York is a venerable city, crowned with its tiara of proud towers, it stands, like an old queen, on the banks of the Ouse, and it has witnessed memorable things in the course of its history. Its old walls and gates have rung back many a strange cry, and the country round has been celebrated for many a memorable deed; but never, from the time of Constantine and Severus until now, had old Ebor witnessed a moment more thrilling than that in which Rupert and Cromwell struggled for the right of entry within its gates. Important indeed! "If York be lost," wrote Charles to his rash and headstrong nephew, "I shall esteem my crown little less." The Marquis of Newcastle was besieged, in York, with an army of not more than 6,000 men, by Lords Fairfax, Severn, and Manchester, and Cromwell, who here appears, for the first time, as Lieutenant-General under Manchester,—well that he does so. Prince Rupert had poured, with an army of 20,000 men, over the Yorkshire hills, with the intention of relieving the Marquis of Newcastle, and he did so. The Parliamentary army retired; but this did not satisfy the rash and

presumptuous prince, he would hazard a battle; but his antagonists presented so terrible a front that they held in check even his audacity and impetuosity. Marston Moor, about seven miles from York, was the spot to which the Generals led out their troops, and thither Rupert followed, although earnestly dissuaded by his fellows in command.

Marston Moor was the first most decided collision of the hostile armies. It was on the 2d of June, 1644. The day wore on while successive movements and counter movements took place. Scarcely a shot had been fired. When both armies were completely drawn up, it was after five in the evening, and nearly another hour and a half passed with little more than a few cannon shots. Newcastle considered all was over for that day, and had retired to his carriage, to prepare himself by rest for whatever might betide on the morrow. Even Rupert and Cromwell are believed to have expected that their armies would pass the night on the field. It was a bright summer evening, the calm beauty of the heavens above left light enough still for the work of destruction to proceed, and that mighty host—46,000 men, children of one race, subjects of one king—to mingle in bloody strife, and lay thousands at rest, "to sleep the sleep that knows no waking," that lovely night of June, on Long Marston Moor. It has been surmised, with considerable probability, that a stray cannon shot, which proved fatal to young Walton, Oliver Cromwell's nephew, by rousing in him every slumbering feeling of wrath and indignation, mainly contributed to bring on the general engagement. Certain it is that he was the first to lead his men to the attack.

It was within a quarter to seven on that calm evening of June, when the vast army, that spread

along the wide area of Marston Moor, began to be stirred by rapid movements to the front. Along a considerable part of the ground that lay immediately between the advanced posts of the parliamentary forces and the royalist army, there ran a broad and deep ditch, which served to protect either party from sudden surprise. Towards this a body of Cromwell's cavalry was seen to move rapidly from the rear, followed by a part of the infantry. Prince Rupert met this promptly, by bringing up a body of musketeers, who opened on them a murderous fire, as they formed in front of the ditch which protected Rupert's musketeers from the cavalry, while a range of batteries, advantageously planted on a height to the rear, kept up an incessant cannonading on the whole line.

It was the first meeting of Cromwell and Rupert. And to Cromwell devolves the glory of the victory. His eye detected the movements in the royalist army. He and his Ironsides (first named Ironsides on this famous field) broke the cavalry of General Goring. The Scots, indeed, were defeated by Rupert. He poured upon them a torrent of irresistible fire. But while confident that the field was won, the Ironsides again poured over Rupert's own cavalry, and swept them from the field.

The victory was complete; the royalist army was entirely broken and dispersed; fifteen hundred of their number remained prisoners. The whole of their arms and artillery, their tents, baggage, and military chest, remained the spoils of the victors. Prince Rupert's own standard, and more than a hundred others, had fallen into their hands; and York, which Rupert had entered only three days before, in defiance of their arms, now lay at their mercy. A strange and fearful scene spread

out beneath the starry sky on that calm summer eve, as it darkened to midnight on Long Marston Moor. Five thousand men lay dead or dying there; born of the same lineage, and subjects of one king; who yet had fallen by one another's hands. It was the bloodiest battle of the whole war, and irretrievably ruined the king's hopes in the north.

Long after midnight Rupert and Newcastle re-entered York. They exchanged messages without meeting; Rupert intimating his intention of departing southward on the following morning with as many of the horse and foot as had kept together: and Newcastle returning word that he intended immediately to go to the sea-side, and embark for the continent—a desertion rendered justifiable when we remember that his advice had been contemptuously slighted, and his command superseded by the rash nephew of Charles, acting under the king's orders. Each kept his word, and in a fortnight thereafter, York was in the possession of their opponents.

And here is a letter from Cromwell, full of tenderness. The strong man could weep with those who wept. And you see, although he had turned, on that field, the fortunes of England, he makes no mention of himself, nor any mention of a severe wound he had himself received in the neck. D'Aubigne says it bears indubitable marks of a soldier's bluntness, but also of the sympathy of a child of God. In Oliver these two elements were never far apart. It was addressed to his brother, Colonel Valentine Walton, the husband of his younger sister Margaret, containing the account of the victory, and of his own son's being among the slain, the same whose fate, it is thought, by rousing Oliver to the charging point, brought on the general engagement.

"*5th July*, 1644.

"DEAR SIR,

"It's our duty to sympathise in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, so that we may sorrow together.

"Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this war began. It had all the evidence of an absolute victory, obtained, by the Lord's blessing, upon the godless party principally. We never charged, but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of twenty thousand, the prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory to God.

"Sir, God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way; but the Lord supported me in this—that the Lord took him* into the happiness we all pant for, and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you his comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it—'it was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after he said, one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was? He told

* His own son, Oliver, who had been killed not long before.

me it was, that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and, as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength—so prays

"Your truly faithful and loving brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"My love to your daughter, and my cousin Percival, sister Desbrow, and all friends with you."

Thus ended the Battle of Marston Moor; it was the most decisive blow Charles had yet received, but far from being so decisive now as it might have been. We have again to notice the indecision of the generals, Earls Manchester and Essex. Nearly half the kingdom was in the possession of the Parliamentary party. The reasons for this vascillancy it may be now well to notice: The nobility, it began ere this time to appear, notwithstanding they had very generally come into the earlier measures of opposition to Charles's government, both from their old hereditary jealousy of the crown, and their unusual oppressions and neglects ever since

the accession of Henry the Seventh, were every day becoming more convinced, that they had unwittingly contributed to place the people, under the guidance of their Commons' House, upon such a footing of equality with themselves, as had already engendered rivalry, and threatened mastership. They had now, therefore, every disposition possible to coalesce with the Scots, in entering into a *peace* with the King, that should it once secure him in the possession of his "just power and greatness," and confirm in themselves those privileges of rank and birth, whose best support, next to that of legitimate popular freedom, they saw to be legitimate monarchical prerogative. But they went much farther: for the Earls of Essex and Manchester, who had been intrusted with the command of the Parliament's forces, and who might be said to be the representatives of the great body of the nobles with the army, had seemed, since the battle of Marston Moor, to neutralize the efforts of their soldiers, as though they were unwilling to make the popular cause too eminent; and, though not actually to allow themselves to be beaten by the King, to make little advantage of his failures, and occasionally even to permit him to avail himself of a drawn battle, or a positive defeat, as though it had been to him a victory. Owing to these causes, it had become apparent that the Parliament, instead of approaching the state of things they so much desired, and by which they had once hoped effectually to give law to their sovereign, were even yet losing ground in the contest. Essex endures a complete and total failure; he allowed himself to be pushed on to the west, until disbanding his troops, he took boat from Plymouth, and escaped to London, where, however, he was well received by the Parliament. Mean-

time, Cromwell and Manchester were together in Berkshire; and Manchester had certainly met with precisely the same success, but for Cromwell, as it was, the latter, could only partially secure the success of the Parliament, because compelled to act under the command of the Earl. Newberry had already been the scene of one contest, its neighbourhood was destined to be the scene of another; it might have been decisive; Cromwell saw that, —he implored Manchester to allow him to make an effort to prostrate the King, the Earl refused. It was a golden opportunity, this, for retrieving all the losses of Essex, and finishing the campaign gloriously—so gloriously began by the battle of Marston Moor. The event of this skirmish, too, convinces us that had Charles more frequently commanded in person he would more frequently have been victor.

It was a moonlight night following the fight of Donnington. The ground all round was strewed with dead bodies; and the day closed, leaving it in the possession of the Royalists. They occupied one central position, well fortified by nature and by art.

"It was a moonlight night which followed, and anxious thoughts occupied both camps, of the desperate strife that must decide the morrow.—Suddenly the penetrating and sleepless eye of Cromwell saw the Royalists move. It was so. Charles having utterly lost his left position, had despaired of the poor chance that remained to him, in the face of such a foe. His army were now busy, in that moonlight, conveying into the castle, by a circuitous route their guns and heavy stores; while behind, battalion after battalion was noiselessly quitting its ground, and marching off as silently in the direction of Oxford. Over and over

again Cromwell entreated Manchester to suffer him to make a forward movement with his cavalry —at that critical moment he would have prostrated Charles. Manchester refused. A show was made next morning of pursuit, but of course without effect—Charles, with all his material and prisoners, had effected a clear escape. Nor was this all. While the Castle of Donnington remained unmolested amidst the dreadful dissensions which, from this event raged through the Parliamentarian camp, the King, having been reinforced by Rupert and an excellent troop of horse, returned twelve days after, assumed the offensive in the face of his now inactive conquerors, carried off all his cannon and heavy stores from out of the castle, coolly and uninterruptedly fell back again, and marched unmolested into Oxford."

And so unsuccessfully ended the work begun so successfully at Marston Moor. Well might Cromwell thereupon say, "There will never be a good time in England till we have done with lords!" Manchester and Cromwell came to a quarrel after this second Newberry fight. Their opposition was very marked.

"They in fact came to a quarrel here," says Carlyle, "these two:—and much else that was represented by them came to a quarrel; presbytery and independency, to wit. Manchester was reported to have said—If they lost this army pursuing the King, they had no other; the King might hang them. To Cromwell and the thorough-going party, it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and 'hanged,' were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this cause in a good way."

Again we have arrived at a pausing point, where the reader may look round him, and notice the scenery, and reconnoitre the state of parties; and the three great personalities meeting him here at this juncture, are PRESBYTERIANISM, INDEPENDENCY, and CROMWELL. We have seen that the Scots marched into England, to the aid of the Parliament. We shall now see that they desired, in the subversion of Episcopacy, the elevation of Presbyterianism. Meantime there had arisen a large party, representing at that time indeed the mind of England—INDEPENDENTS—who thought with Milton that *Presbyter* was only *Bishop* spelt large, who continued to plead for the right of private judgment, and universal toleration in religion; setting the will of individual Churches as the rule and ordinance in Church matters. Of this large party Cromwell was the representative; of the other, the earls we have mentioned, as the generals of the Parliamentary army, may be regarded as the representatives in the Camp. There were, therefore, two deterring motives preventing them from aiming at entire success. As members of the House of Peers they feared lest they should raise up too formidable a rival in the Commons; and they saw, or seemed to see, in the Presbyterian party, the means of holding in check the power they dreaded. We may not, however, so much charge them with real treachery, as a sad want of enthusiasm.

But whatever was the cause of failure, hitherto the parliamentary cause had comparatively failed—failed in the midst of successes; failed evidently from the simple want of decision and rapid energy: it became necessary to change the tactics of war. Cromwell no doubt felt that he could bring the matter to an issue, and decision at once; and that

he would do so was feared, apparently by the leaders of the army, and by the Presbyterians. He was now powerful enough to excite jealousy; it was probably felt that he was the strongest man in the kingdom, and the wisest in these councils and debates: for this reason, many efforts were made to set him on one side—to this the Scots commissioners especially aimed. It was known that Cromwell was a thorough Englishman, that he was likely to increase in power and influence; a conspiracy, therefore, was set on foot to crush him, of which Whitelock gives to us the particulars,—the conspiracy aimed at the reputation, perhaps at the very life of Cromwell. The record given by Whitelock is very curious, more especially as he has preserved so entirely the colloquial form. One evening very late, he informs us he was sent for by the Lord General Essex, "and there was no excuse to be admitted, nor did we know before the occasion of our being sent for. When we came to Essex House, we were brought to the Lord-General, and with him were the Scots Commissioners, Mr. Holles, Sir Philip Stapylton, Sir John Meyrick, and divers others of his special friends. After compliments, and that all were set down in council, the Lord-General having requested the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, as the better orator, to explain the object of the meeting—the latter spake to this effect:

"Mr. Maynard and Mr. Whitelock * * * *— You ken vary weele that Lieutenant-General Cromwell is no friend of ours; and, since the advance of our army into England, he hath used all underhand and cunning means to take frcm our honour and merit of this kingdom; an evil requital of all our hazards and services: but so it is; and we are, nevertheless, fully satisfied of the affections

and gratitude of the gude people of this nation in the general.

"It is thought requisite for us, and for the carrying on of the cause of the twa kingdoms, that this obstacle, or remora, *may be removed out of the way;* whom, we foresee, will otherwise be no small impediment to us, and the gude design we have undertaken.

"He not only is no friend to us, and to the government of our church, but he is also no well-wisher to His Excellence, whom you and we all have cause to love and honour; and, if he be permitted to go on his ways, it may, I fear, endanger the whole business: therefore, we are to advise of some course to be taken for the prevention of that mischief.

"You ken vary weel the accord 'twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the solemn league and covenant; and if any be an *incendiary* between the twa nations, how is he to be proceeded against? Now, the matter wherein we desire your opinions, is, what you tak the meaning of this word 'incendiary' to be; and whether Lieutenant-General Cromwell be not sike an incendiary, as is meant thereby; and whilke way wud be best to tak to proceed against him, if he be proved to be sicke an incendiary, and that will clepe his wings from soaring to the prejudice of our cause.

"Now you may ken that, by our law in Scotland, we 'clepe him an incendiary, wha kindleth coals of contention, and raiseth differences, in the state, to the public damage; and he is *tanquam publicus hostis patriæ:* whether your law be the same or not, you ken best, who are mickle learned therein, and therefore with the favour of His Excellence, we desire your judgment thereon."

But the lawyers were wary, moreover they per-

haps knew the madness of this attempt, and saw into its design, and their answer brought the plot to a stand-still.

Whitelock replied "that if such proofs could 'be made out,' then he was 'to be proceeded against for it by parliament, upon his being there accused of such things.' He added, that he took '*Lieutenant-General Cromwell to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who had, especially of late, gained no small interest in the House of Commons: nor was he wanting of friends in the House of Peers; nor of abilities in himself, to manage his own part or defence to the best advantage.*' In conclusion, he could not 'advise that, at that time, he should be accused for an incendiary; but rather that direction might be given to collect such passages relating to him, by which their lordships might judge whether they would amount to prove him an incendiary or not.' Maynard, afterward speaking, observed that '*Lieutenant-General Cromwell was a person of great favour and interest with the House of Commons, and with some of the House of Peers likewise;*' and that, therefore, 'there must be proofs, and the more clear and evident, against him, to prevail with the parliament to adjudge him to be an incendiary;' which he believed would 'be more difficult than perhaps some might imagine to fasten upon him.'"

While this plot was in movement, Cromwell certainly appears to have been himself labouring to curtail the power of the General Earls; he impeached Manchester with backwardness in entrance upon engagements. He appears in his speech, in the House of Commons, to have run over a series of charges, certainly affecting the fitness of his commander for his post. Manchester in turn, accused Cromwell of saying that "it would never be well with England until the Earl was plain Mr.

Montague,—that the Scots had crossed the Tweed only for the purpose of establishing Presbyterianism; and that, in that cause, he would as soon draw his sword against them as against the king, and sundry other things."

The charges against both, on both sides, dropped, but the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee, for the purpose of considering how best to bring the war to an issue.

On this occasion the speech of Cromwell was masterly in the extreme; he concluded by calling for a remodelling of the whole army, a stricter discipline, and a measure aiming at the dismissal of the Earls of Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh. This was the famous Self-denying Ordinance, by which all members of the Senate were incapacitated for serving in the army. The Lords protested against this, because it would effectually cut off all their body from being perpetually peers; but this was its very object. Sir Thomas Fairfax, not a member, was for that reason elected to supreme command; and thus, it appeared, that some obstacles were removed. Could it be imagined that the power and place of Cromwell were also suspended? The Parliament at any rate in his instance, suspended the Self-denying Ordinance; was not this a proof that it was perceived he was the most capable man in the kingdom.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

Now we shall push on more rapidly. The Self-denying Ordinance is regarded as a master piece of duplicity originating from the mind of Cromwell. The superseding of the most illustrious officers in the People's army was hailed by the Royalists as sure prelude to their thorough routing. The King was in high hopes. It was about this time he wrote to the queen, "I may without being too much sanguine, affirm, that since the rebellion my affairs were never in so fair and hopeful a way." Cromwell, certainly, could not suppose that he long could be dispensed with; but neither could he at all have known how soon his services would be required, and how important those services were to be. The supreme power we have seen was vested in the hands of Fairfax. It is quite noticeable that his commission was worded differently to the way in which all previous commissions had been worded; it was made out in the name of the Parliament alone, not in that of the King and Parliament.

"Towards the end of April," says M. Guizot, "Fairfax announced that in a few days he should open the campaign. Cromwell went to Windsor,

to kiss, as he said, the general's hand, and take him his resignation. On seeing him enter the room, Fairfax said, 'I have just received from the committee of the two kingdoms an order which has reference to you; it directs you to proceed directly with some horse, to the road between Oxford and Worcester, to intercept communications between Prince Rupert and the King.' The same evening Cromwell departed on his mission, and in five days, before any other corps of the new army had put itself in motion, he had beaten the royalists in three encouuters (April 24, at Islip-bridge; 26, at Witney; 27, at Bampton Bush), taken Bletchington (April 24), and sent to the House a full report of his success. 'Who will bring me this Cromwell, dead or alive!' cried the King; while in London all were rejoicing that he had not yet given in his resignation.

"A week had scarcely passed, and the parliament had already made up its mind that he should not resign. The campaign had commenced (April 30). The King quitted Oxford (May 7), had rejoined Prince Rupert, and was proceeding towards the north, either to raise the siege of Chester, or to give battle to the Scottish army, and regain on that side his former advantages; if he succeeded, he would be in a position to threaten, as he pleased, the east or the south; and Fairfax, then on his way to the west, to deliver the important town of Taunton, closely invested by the Prince of Wales, could not oppose his progress. Fairfax was recalled (May 5); but, meantime, Cromwell alone was in a condition to watch the King's movements. Notwithstanding the ordinance, he received orders to continue his service forty days (May 10).

The country was alarmed at the idea of Cromwell resigning at such a juncture as this. The

Common Council petitioned Parliament, demanding a free discretion to be given to the general, and the permanent restoration of Cromwell to his former command. The latter was confirmed by an application, signed by General Fairfax and sixteen of his chief officers, for Cromwell to join him, as an officer indispensably needed to command the cavalry.

On the 12th of June, 1645, a reconnoitering party of the Parliamentary cavalry unexpectedly came upon a detachment of the Royal army, leisurely returning from the north, on the news of the threatened blockade of Oxford. The King was flushed with the highest hopes. The success of Montrose in the north promised to free him from all fear in that direction, and he daily anticipated a body of troops to join him from the west. The meeting of the outposts of the two armies was in the neighbourhood of Northampton; but the King fell back immediately towards Leicester, to allow his whole forces to draw together. On the following day Cromwell joined Fairfax, amid shouts from the whole army, and a few hours afterwards the King learned that the squadrons under his command were already harassing the rear. Prince Rupert advised an immediate attack on the enemy; a council of war was held, and many of the officers urged delay till the expected reinforcements should join them, but Rupert's advice prevailed. On the field of Naseby the two armies met once more in deadly fight, early on the morning of the 14th of June.

NASEBY! Charles's last battle-field! on the borders of Northamptonshire, seven or eight miles from Market Harborough, in Leicestershire, a peaceable old hamlet, surrounded by hills, so called —clayey masses "swelling like the indolent waves

of the sea, sometimes of miles in extent." Here, in the very centre of England, Charles met that most despised army, and boldly gave it battle. The King again was here himself, commanding in person. Carlyle, in one of his happy notes, puts before us the position of the parties, and at the same time reminds us of their humanity.

"The parliamentary army," he observes, "stood ranged on the height still partly called Mill Hill, as in Rushworth's time, a mile and a half from Naseby; the king's army on a parallel hill, its back to Harborough, with the wide table of upland now named Broad Moor between them, where, indeed, the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over the Broad Moor, which are understood to have once been burial *mounds*, some of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder teeth, dug lately from that ground, and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large, which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world. 'A stack of dead bodies, perhaps about a hundred, had been buried in this trench, piled as in a wall, a man's length thick. The skeletons lay in courses, the heads of one course to the heels of the next. One figure, by the strange position of the bones, gave us the hideous notion of its having been thrown in *before* death. We did not proceed far—perhaps some half dozen skeletons. The bones were treated with all piety, watched rigorously, over Sunday, till they could be covered in again.'"

Every where Rupert was Charles's evil genius. Every where his impetuosity injured himself and his cause and his royal master. He galloped forward two miles to ascertain the intentions of Fairfax; and returning, sent word through the line that he was retreating. It was a ruse of Cromwell's. He had merely put in motion a few of his troops. Charles, trusting to the miserable deceiving, and self-deception of Rupert, relinquished the favourable ground he once occupied, and led his battalions into the plain. Here the great generals had fixed themselves in a remarkably strong position. Here they were thundering out their hymns in the very enthusiasm of a triumph, rather than in expectation of battle. Upon the field altogether there were about 36,000 men. Rupert began the battle. He charged Ireton with such boldness, that even that lion-like officer sank before his terrible, and bold, and passionate onslaught. Fairfax, that day abandoning the privileges of a general, performed feats of valour in the thickest of the fight, bareheaded. He every where flamed resolution and courage over every part of the field, and especially among the ranks of his own men. But he failed to turn the fortune of the day. Ireton, on the left, was routed. Fairfax, in the centre, remained struggling, the fate of his men undecided. Cromwell and his Ironsides stood there, upon the right. They were attacked by Sir Marmaduke Laugdale—he might as well have attacked a rock—when the royalists recoiled. The Ironsides, in turn, attacked them, poured over them a terrible and heavy fire, routed them, sent three squadrons after them, to prevent them rallying, and with the remaining four, hastened to Fairfax, and, with an overpowering shock, dashed through, scattered, and cut down the royalists, hoping for victory in

the centre. In vain Charles, with remarkable bravery, sought to recover the fortune of the fight. He no doubt felt at that moment the hopeless ruin of his cause. "One charge more," said the poor brave king, "and we recover the day."

It is in vain, your Majesty; and see, the crown has fallen from your head—it is all in vain now!

Never was rout more thorough and complete. Two thousand men were left dead on the field. "God is our strength," had been the watch-word of the parliamentarians. "Queen Mary," was the was the watch-word of the royalists. Is there not something very significant in the different success of such mottos? The king here lost all. The prisoners taken were five thousand foot, and three thousand horse. They captured the whole of Charles's artillery, eight thousand stand of arms, above a hundred pair of colours, the royal standard, the king's cabinet of letters, and the whole spoil of the camp. That cabinet of letters revealed, beyond all question, the perfidy of the king;—proved that he never desired peace; and made his favourite exclamation, "On the word of a king," a bye-word, and for some time the synonyme of a lie. The letters were all published, after having been read aloud to the assembled citizens in Guild Hall, that all the people might satisfy themselves of their monarch's probity. This battle was fought on the 14th of June, 1646, and increased Cromwell's influence amazingly; and now we follow him through a long series of most daring and brilliant adventures, conquests, and expeditions. Rapidly he covered—he overspread the land with his victorious men of iron. His vigilance was wonderful. Town after town was taken. He swept over the country like a tempest. Leicester, and thence to Bridgewater, Shaftsbury, Bristol, Devises. Summoning

the last mentioned town to surrender, "Win it, and wear it," said the governor. Cromwell did both. He then stormed Berkeley Castle, and threw himself before Winchester. The last named place surrendered by capitulation. While here he very courteously sent in to the bishop of Winchester, and offered him a guard to secure his person; but the bishop, flying into the castle, refused his courtesy. Afterwards the castle begun to be battered by two pieces of ordinance, he sent to the Lieutenant-General, thanking him for the great favour offered to him, and being now more sensible what it was, he desired the enjoyment of it. To whom the wise Lieutenant-General replied, that since he made not use of the courtesy, but wilfully run away from it, he must now partake of the same conditions as the others who are with him in the castle, and if he were taken, he must expect to be used as a prisoner of war. Another interesting incident illustrates Cromwell's strict severity in exacting compliance from his own army with its articles. When information was laid before him *by the vanquished*, that they had been plundered by some of his soldiers, on leaving the city, contrary to the terms granted to them, he ordered the offenders to be tried by a court-martial, at which they were sentenced to death. Whereupon he ordered the unfortunate men, who were six in number, to cast lots for the first sufferer; and after his execution, sent the remaining five, with a suitable explanation, to Sir Thomas Glenham, governor of Oxford, requesting him to deal with them as he thought fit—a piece of conduct which so charmed the royalist officer, that he immediately returned the men to Cromwell, with a grateful compliment, and expression of much respect.

Still, On! On! after Winchester, Basing fell

before him, thought to be one of the most impregnable of fortresses; then Salisbury; then Exeter, where he fought Lord Wentworth, and took five hundred prisoners, and six standards, one of which was the King's; then pouring along Cornwall, he scattered the last remnants of the Royalist army; and, by and bye, after innumerable other victories, entered London, greeted with extraordinary honours. The instant he entered the House, all the members rose to receive him, and the Speaker pronounced a long and elaborate eulogium, closing with "the hearty thanks of the House for his many services." An annuity of £2,500 appears to have been granted to Cromwell and his family, including estates escheated to the Parliamentary cause. In the presence of all this, Hume's sneer at him, as an inferior general, is as laughable as contemptible and mean. Of those days of Cromwell's rapid flights, hither and thither, all England retains to this day the footmark. No wonder that Essex and Manchester did not move sufficiently rapid for him. Cromwell we see decided the popular cause. Royalism now lay prostrate before his foot, by a series of the most astounding victories of which our kingdom ever had the impress, or told the tale. His presence was certain victory.—Invincible! we surely may call him. There is no corner of England where ruins of old Feudal state or Monastic grandeur are not coupled with the name of Cromwell; and while, doubtless, his name will be mentioned in connection with spots he never saw, it yet gives to us an idea of the wondrous universality of his power and conquest.

CHAPTER X.

CROMWELL AND THE KING.

It does not come within the compass of this book to notice at any length the position of the King, and the detail of his death. After the battle of Naseby he wandered about the country a poor forlorn, outlawed man, in his own realm, all hope at one time seemed lost to him ; and then again he built some dependance upon the Scots, and therefore after fears, and doubts of his personal safety, with clipped beard, and disguised as the groom of one of his attendants, he entered the Scots' camp, all his gay and haughty Caveliers had fallen away from him. But he still fancied that he was a tower of strength to the party, who obtained him, and as he fancied the Scottish party the most moderate, and believed that country would, perhaps, still do battle for him, and acknowledge him King against the English Independants. This overweening faith, not in self, but in the worth of a supposed dignity, attaching to self, followed the king to his latest, as it had haunted him in his earliest day. As he entered the camp, the Earl of Leven and the Scottish officers treated him with the utmost respect and deference, but at the same time, expresses were despatched both to London

and Edinburgh to announce his arrival. A strong guard was placed on his lodging, and when the poor King, to ascertain if he was still free, offered to give the pass-word for the night, "Pardon me, sire," said Leven, "I am the oldest soldier here; your Majesty will permit me to undertake that duty." A few detached strongholds were still in the possession of the royalists, and one or two of them were even held out for several months after this; but with the entry of Charles in the Scots' camp at Newark, the first civil war may be considered as at an end. When Sir Jacob Astley, the last royalist leader who had been able to keep the field, was defeated and taken prisoner, "Now," said he, to the parliamentary commander, on being conveyed to head quarters, "Now you have done your work, and may go play; unless you choose to fall out among yourselves."

All that can be said here in a brief word or two, is this: that the curse of this king was that attaching to his race and name—Faithlessness. This condemned him, he could not be trusted. For instance, after having solemnly promised that all hostilities in Ireland should cease, he secretly wrote to Ormond (Oct. 10): "Obey my wife's orders, not mine, untill I shall let you know I am free from all restraint; nor trouble yourself about my concession as to Ireland; they will not lead to anything;" and the day on which he had consented to transfer to parliament for twenty years the command of the army (Oct. 9,) he wrote to Sir William Hopkins: "To tell you the truth, my great concession this morning was made only with a view to facilitate my approaching escape; without that hope, I should never have yielded in this manner. If I had refused, I could, without much sorrow, have returned to my prison; but as it is, I own it

would break my heart, for I have done that which my escape alone can justify."

It was towards the end of the year 1646, that the parliament offered the Scots army £400,000 to leave the kingdom, and the king thus fell into the hands of the English parliament.

And now there came on a collision between the parliament and the army. Cromwell sought to serve the king, and to replace him on the throne: there is abundant documentary evidence to prove this. To follow the struggles of the various parties is neither necessary nor possible.

"That a treaty was entered into by Charles while at Hampton Court," says Forster, "with the Generals Cromwell and Fairfax,—having for its basis his reinstatement on the throne, his surrender of his chief friends, his concession of every popular right, his wide and universal toleration of all matters of conscience, with, among other incidental conditions, the earldom of Essex, the garter, and the government of Ireland for Cromwell, is not disputed by any one; whether with any sincere purpose on the part of Cromwell, admits of most serious question; whether with any one on the part of Charles certainly admits of none. Here, as in all matters where what he supposed the prerogatives of his own crown came in question—Charles was hopelessly insincere. Mrs. Hutchinson would have us suppose that Cromwell and Ireton acted throughout in good faith, and were only turned against the King at last by the discovery of bad faith in him. 'To speak the truth,' she says, 'of all, Cromwell was at this period so uncorruptly faithful to his trust and to the people's interest, that he could not be drawn into the practice of his own usual and natural dissimulations on this occasion. His son-in-law, Ireton, that was as

faithful as he, was not so fully of the opinion (till he found the contrary) but that the King might be managed to comply with the public good of his people after he could no longer uphold his own violent will; but upon some discourses, the King uttering these words to him, 'I shall play my game as well as I can;' Ireton replied, 'If your Majesty have a game to play, you must give us also the liberty to play ours.' This would lead us to conclude, however, that Cromwell had never very favourably listened to the proposed treaty."

Charles, it turned out, was playing with all parties to whom he addressed himself, and this was abundantly proved at last, by a little dramatic incident, of which the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, was the theatre; and the authority is a most remarkable conversation between Cromwell and Lord Broghill:—Broghill being in discourse with Cromwell and Ireton, fell upon the subject of the King's death. Cromwell said, that if the King had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all: adding "we had once an inclination to have come to terms with him, but something that happened drew us off from it." The Lord Broghill seeing they were both in a good humour, asked them, why, if they were inclined to close with him, they had not done it? Upon which Cromwell frankly told him,—'The reason of our inclination to come to terms with him, was, we found the Scots and Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and were strenuously endeavouring to strike up an agreement with the King, and leave us in the lurch; wherefore we thought to prevent them by offering more reasonable conditions. But while we were busied with these thoughts, there came a letter to us from one of our

spies, who was of the King's bed-chamber, acquainting us, that our final doom was decreed that day: what it was he could not tell, but a letter was gone to the Queen with the contents of it, which letter was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten o'clock the following night, to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. The messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some one in Dover did. We were then at Windsor; and immediately upon the receipt of the letter from our spy, Ireton and I resolved to take a trusty fellow with us, and in troopers' habits to go to the inn; which accordingly we did, and set our men at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock: the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were there to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got the letter into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had

the letter we opened it; in which we found the King had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, &c. Upon this, added Cromwell, we took horse, and went to Windsor; and, finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the King, we immediately, from that time forward, resolved his ruin."

The letter, indeed, decided Charles's fate. Lord Oxford, who had often seen the original letter, described it to Lord Bollingbroke as a reply to one from the Queen, wherein she had reproached him for promising to Cromwell the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland for life, the full control of the army there, and that he should have a garter, &c. To which the king returned answer, "Leave me to manage, who am better informed of all the circumstances than you can be; and doubt not but that I shall know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, shall be treated with a hempen cord." Such is believed to have been the final circumstance that decided Cromwell on attempting the settlement of England's hard-won liberties, without regard to the intractable inheritor of its crown.

"However it was, (for these things must still remain under some confusion) it is certain that a few days after the king's departure from Hampton Court, and after it was known he was in the Isle of Wight, there was a meeting of the general officers of the army at Windsor, where Cromwell and Ireton were present, to consider what should now be done with the king; and it was resolved that he should be prosecuted for his life as a criminal person. This resolution, however, was a great secret,

whereof the parliament had not the least notice or suspicion; but was, as it had been, to be led on by degrees to what it never designed.

"It is very well known that, after this time, Cromwell was no more a friend to the king. For when his majesty refused to sign the four famous bills that were sent him by the parliament, as preliminary to a treaty, there was nobody in the house that turned this refusal more to his disadvantage than Cromwell; who declared 'that the king was a man of great understanding, but withal so great a dissembler, and so false a man, that he was not to be trusted.' And to confirm what he said, he rehearsed several particulars of the king's behaviour whilst he was in the army; concluding 'that they might trouble themselves no farther with sending propositions to the king, but enter into those counsels that were necessary towards the settlement of the kingdom.' Which motion, being seconded by those of his party, produced that memorable vote, 'that no more addresses or applications should be made to the king, nor any message received from him, under the penalty of high-treason.' And some writers go so far as to assert that Cromwell and Ireton were so bold in this debate as to threaten, not only the king, but even the parliament, if they gave the army any farther grounds of jealousy; and that Cromwell, at the end of his speech, clapped his hand upon his sword." All of which latter sounds very much like twaddle.

Upon this strife between the king and the great leaders of the parliament and the army we will linger no longer. The death of the king looks like a great mistake. We dare scarcely call it a great crime. He was an unmanageable man. What was to be done with him? If there were any

worth in constitutions, he had broken down all such pales. If the war was a great disaster, he was the cause of it. If it were a crime, he was the criminal. Then judge him rather by his trial and his death than by his life. And it must be confessed that in those dramatic situations he makes strong demands upon our sympathy and our respect; still those are not the scenes in which we are principally to look at him—to them he had drifted by his own perversity. Nor are we to look upon Cromwell as the chief instrument of his death. There were many who arrayed themselves against him; as many, in fact, as he had arrayed himself against. To Cromwell, indeed, it was no new matter; fighting against the king all along was probably killing him. It did appear, too, that the king stood in the way of the final settlement of the affairs of the nation; but it was not remembered, apparently, that the difficulty was only shifted, so long as Charles II. and James, Duke of York, lived. Little was gained by the death of the king. Hence our great characteristic of it as a mistake. But hither we have at length arrived, from the farm house of St. Ives, through Marston, Newberry, Naseby, and a thousand other fights, to the scaffold of a king. Wondering, we stand before the curtain, and enquire, "What next?"

CHAPTER XI.

CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

But it has been said that there is one place where no Oliver Cromwell can follow him—Ireland.—Let us see: the Irish Roman Catholics had broken out in rebellion, and had massacred (according to various accounts) from 50 to 200,000 victims. This was the Hibernian St. Bartholomew. The Irish, indeed, at this time, determined on erasing every vestige of the English name from their country.

"On all sides," writes a great historian, "the Protestants of Ireland were attacked unawares, ejected from their houses, hunted down, slaughtered, exposed to all the perils, all the tortures that religious and patriotic hatred could invent...... A half-savage people, passionately attached to its barbarism,—eager to avenge in a day ages of outrage and misery—with a proud joy committed excesses which struck their ancient masters with horror and dismay."

"In fact, the Catholics burnt the houses of the Protestants, turned them out naked in the midst of winter, and drove them, like herds of swine, before them. If, ashamed of their nudity, and desirous of seeking shelter from the rigour of a remarkably severe season, these unhappy wretches took refuge

in a barn, and concealed themselves under the straw, the rebels instantly set fire to it and burned them alive. At other times they were led without clothing to be drowned in rivers; and if, on the road, they did not move quick enough, they were urged forward at the point of the pike. When they reached the river or the sea, they were precipitated into it, in bands of several hundreds, which is doubtless an exaggeration. If these poor wretches arose to the surface of the water, men were stationed along the brink to plunge them in again with the butts of their muskets, or to fire at and kill them. Husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives; wives and virgins were abused in the sight of their nearest relations; and infants of seven or eight years were hung before the eyes of their parents. Nay, the Irish even went so far as to teach their own children to strip and kill the children of the English, and dash out their brains against the stones. Numbers of Protestants were buried alive, as many as seventy in one trench. An Irish priest, named MacOdeghan, captured forty or fifty Protestants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion on a promise of quarter. After their abjuration, he asked them if they believed that Christ was bodily present in the Host, and that the Pope was Head of the Church? and on their replying in the affirmative, he said, 'Now, then, you are in a very good faith!' and, for fear they should relapse into heresy, cut all their throats."

Let these facts always be borne in mind when we look on Cromwell in Ireland.

This rebellion, which broke out in 1641, had, through the necessity of the times, been much neglected till 1649. The parliament, indeed, had long before got possession of Dublin, which was

delivered up to them by the Marquis of Ormond, who was then obliged to come over to England. But being recalled by the Irish, Ormond made a league with them in favour of the king, and brought over most of the kingdom into a union with the Royalists. Londonderry and Dublin were the only places that held out for the Parliament, and the latter was in great danger of being lost. This made Colonel Jones, the governor, send over to England for succour; and a considerable body of forces were thereupon ordered for Ireland. The command of these was offered to Cromwell, who accepted it with seeming reluctance; professing, "that the difficulty which appeared in the expedition, was his chief motive for engaging in it; and that he hardly expected to prevail over the rebels, but only to preserve to the Commonwealth some footing in that kingdom."

The parliament was so pleased with his answer, that, on the 22nd of June, 1649, they gave him a commission to command all the forces that should be sent into Ireland, and to be Lord Governor of that kingdom for three years, in all affairs both civil and military. From the very minute of his receiving this charge, Cromwell used an incredible expedition in the raising of money, providing of shipping, and drawing the forces together for their intended enterprise. The soldiery marched with great speed to the rendezvous at Milford Haven, there to expect the new lord-deputy, who followed them from London on the 10th of July. His setting out was very pompous, being drawn in a coach with six horses, and attended by many members of the parliament and council of state, with the chief of the army; his life-guard consisting of eighty men, who had formerly been commanders, all

bravely mounted and accoutred, both them and their servants.

He was received with extraordinary honours at Bristol. Thence he went to Wales, and embarked for Ireland from the lovely and magnifient haven of Milford, and at last arrived in Dublin. Reviewing his army there, he advanced to Drogheda or Tredagh, which he took by storm. His advance through the country was a continued triumph—a repetition of the same wonderful career which closed the war with Charles in England. The taking of Tredagh was a feat of extraordinary strength—so much so, that the brave O'Neal swore a great oath—"That if Cromwell had taken Tredagh, if he could storm Hell, he would take it also!" Terrible also was the contest of Clonmell, before which Cromwell sat down, with the resolution of conquest and fighting.

Many considerable persons were here taken, and among them the celebrated fighting Bishop of Ross, who was carried to a castle kept by his own forces, and there hanged before the walls, in sight of the garrison; which so discouraged them, that they immediately surrendered to the parliament's forces. This bishop was used to say,. "There was no way of curing the English, but by hanging them."

For all this tremendous havoc, the most terrible oath an Irishman knows to the present day is "The curse of Cromwell!" And the massacres, and the beseigements, are ever called in to blacken the great general's memory by writers, for instance, like Clarendon. And what did Cromwell do *first?* All husbandmen and labourers, ploughmen, artificers, and others of the meaner sort of the Irish nation, were to be exempted from question in reference to the eight years of blood and

misery now ended. As to the ringleaders, indeed, and those who could be proved to be really concerned in the massacre of 1641, there was for these a carefully graduated scale of punishments—banishment, death—but only after exact inquiry and proof. Those in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not in the massacre, these were not to forfeit their estates, but lands to a third of their value in Connaught were to be assigned to them. Others not well affected to Parliament were to forfeit one-third of their estates, and to remain quiet at their peril. The Catholic aristocracy, you see, were to be punished for their guilty bloodsheddings, but the "ploughmen, husbandmen, and artificers of the meaner sort were to be exempted from all question." Clarendon admitted that Ireland flourished under this arrangement to a surprising extent; and Thomas Carlyle well says, "This curse of Cromwell, so called, is the only gospel of veracity I can yet discover to have been ever fairly a foot there."

Cromwell returned to London in the month of May, 1650, as a soldier, who had gained more laurels, and done more wonders in nine months, than any age or history could parellel, and sailed home, as it were, in triumph. At Bristol, he was twice saluted by the great guns, and welcomed in with many other demonstrations of joy. On Hounslow-heath he was met by general Fairfax, many members of parliament and officers of the army, and multitudes of the common people. Coming to Hyde-park, the great guns were fired off, and colonel Barkstead's regiment, which was drawn up for that purpose, gave him several vollies with their small arms. Thus in a triumphant manner he entered London, amidst a crowd of attendants, friends and citizens, and was received

with the highest acclamations. And having resumed his place in Parliament, the speaker, in an elegant speech, returned him the thanks of the house for his great and faithful services in Ireland. After which, the lord-lieutenant gave them a particular account of the state and condition of that kingdom. It was while he rode thus in State through London, thus Oliver replied to some sycophantic person who had observed, "What a crowd come out to see your lordship's triumph." "Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be?" Here is a clear headed practical man.

CHAPTER XII.

CROMWELL AT DUNBAR.

But to see Cromwell in the full height of his greatness, we must follow him to Scotland, to Dunbar.

It is tolerable easy to understand the state of the question. We have seen the Scots aiding the Parliament and doing battle with the King, nay selling him; but they desired the victory of Presbyterianism. Cromwell was opposed to the elevation of any sect: this was one chief cause of the antipathy of the Scotch. They invited Charles, the son of the late king, from Holland, and proclaimed him king; they did not know when they invited him, that, with the perfidy and villainy hereditary in his family, he had issued a commission empowering Montrose to raise troops, and to subdue the country by force of arms. Our readers have not to learn, now, that Charles was perhaps in a deeper degree than any of his ancestors or descendants, false, treacherous, and licentious. He signed the Solemn League and Covenant of Scotland, supporting the Protestant religion at the very moment he was in attempted negociation with Rome for befriending the Papacy. He was, however, proclaimed King of the Scots, and the Scots had perfect right to elect him to be their monarch, and aimed at the recovery of Scotland, to recover

the crowns of the three kingdoms; to win Scotland to help him in this, he would not only sign the Covenant, he proffered to sign a declaration by which he renounced all Papacy and Episcopacy—pledged word or oath were of very little account to him.

It was surely a strange procedure, that in Scotland where Jenny Geddes had raised her cutty stool against Popery, and where first the storm had raged forth against the despotism and tyranny of the Stuarts—it was surely strange, that there, of all places of the British empire, Charles II. should be received: it is clearly obvious that the aim of the Scotch clergy was to impose Presbyterianism upon the whole of the empire—Scotland looks very bad in this business. However, Cromwell, now proclaimed Lord-General of the parliamentary forces, has to march away with all speed to settle as best he may these new and final differences. He entered Scotland on the 23rd of July, 1650, with 11,000 horse and foot, commanded under him by Generals Fleetwood, Lambert, and Whally; Colonels Pride, Overton, and Monk. He found before him, whithersoever he went, a desolation; the Scotch preachers had described the English soldiers as monsters, delighting in the murder or the mutilation of women and children—the peasantry having destroyed what they must have left, fled with whatever they could remove. How far they misunderstood the character of their great enemy, we shall by-and-bye see; indeed, it appears that very soon the Scots came to know him better; there had come before him a report that the English army intended to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the womens breasts, but the General's proclamation soon eased them upon that score; and according to

the documents of Whitelock, it appears that the women stayed behind their husbands to provide bread and drink, by baking and brewing for the English army.

For a vivid, accurate knowledge—nay more, for a bright gleaming canvass cartoon or picture of the great battle of Dunbar, let any one read the account, as given to us by Carlyle.* So vivid is the picture, that we can see the disposition of all those armies, and the full array of all that magnificent scenery upon Monday the 2d of September, 1650. The little town of Dunbar comes out plainly before, on its high and windy hill, overlooking its ancient castle and rocky promentories, stretching along the sea, fishing villages, and indenting bays. On the hills see the long array of Leslie's army—one of the largest and most important Scotland ever mustered—twenty-seven thousand men ; and there, down beneath, near where the peninsular stretches out to the sea, there is Oliver, with his, less than eleven thousand. He never was in so critical a position before. There is no retreat behind him in the sea. In front of him is Leslie and Heath—continents of bog and swamp, where none but the mountain sheep can, with any safety, travel—the Lammermoor. Well may we ask, What is Oliver to do now?

What is Oliver to do now? It does appear as if he is to be annihilated here, in this wilderness; for wide all round looms the desolation over the the whole ground occupied by the contending armies. It appears there were then only two houses or farmsteads. On this Monday there has been some slight skirmishing. Leslie's horse dashed across one of those little huts, occupied by Lam-

† "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," vol. iii. p. 38.

bert's or Pride's foot and horse, and seized three prisoners, one a musketeer, a spirited fellow, with a wooden arm. On being brought before Lesley, he was asked, "Do the enemy intend to fight?" The man replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else." "Soldier," said Lesley, "how will you fight when you have shipped half your men, and all your great guns?" The answer was—"Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too." To one of the officers, who asked him how he dared reply so saucily to the general, he said, "I only answer the question put to me." Lesley sent him across free again by a trumpet; and making his way to Cromwell, he reported what had passed, adding, "I for one have lost twenty shillings by the business, plundered from me in this skirmish." Thereupon the Lord-General gave him two pieces, which are forty shillings, and sent him away rejoicing."

It will be well also to read the following letter, in which we have so mingled a tone of cheerfulness and caution. He evidently was preparing for the worst, and yet looked forward to the possibility of some interposition for help and deliverance.

"*To Sir Arthur Hazlerig, Governor of Newcastle —these:*

"*Dunbar, 2d September*, 1650.

"Dear Sir,

"We are here upon an engagement very difficult. The evening hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily

consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

"I perceive your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the south to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces had been in a readines to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits [minds] are comfortable, praised be the Lord, though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

"Indeed do you get together what forcres you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

"Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"P.S.—It is difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from you after 'you receive this.'"

But hope, we have said, did by no means desert the general; in the army of Leslie, and among the preachers accompanying the army, there was confidence, and the presumption generated from confidence; they expected soon to destroy the army of Cromwell, and to scatter it over the moors, and over the sea, perhaps to have the illustrious general in their power; they expected to march on without interruption to London with the King. "But,"

says Cromwell, in one of his dispatches, "in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having these advantages, we lay very near to him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein, I believe, not a few amongst us shared,— that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, WE WERE IN THE MOUNT, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us, and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes."

What language do you call this? Is it fanaticism —is it hypocrisy?

Urged, it is said, by the Clergy, who were admitted far too much to his councils, as a warrior, and a general, Leslie appears to have made a movement in the disposition of his army radically wrong; he is spoken of as a wise clear-sighted man, and upon many previous occasions he had shown himself to be so, but it is certain, that had he seized upon all advantages of his position, he must have been master of the field. The movement of the enemy, scarcely noticed by any eye but the active penetrating glance of Cromwell's; "with wonderful foresight," says Forster, "that almost justified the inspiration attributed to him, he anticipated some movement by which they might now be enabled to attempt the enemy, and secure the advantage of a first attack; and, as he beheld it, he exclaimed in one of those strong bursts of enthusiasm which ever and anon fell upon him—"THE LORD HATH DELIVERED THEM INTO OUR HANDS."

Yes, with a vigour only equalled by Shakspere's

descriptions of night on the fields of Agincourt and Bosworth, Carlyle has sketched for us the disposition of those defiant hosts on this night of the 2nd of September, a wild wet night,—"the harvest-moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray, and withal keep his powder dry! and be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man. We English have some tact, the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against those wainstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is ONE that rides on the wings of the wind."

The orders to the Scots were to extinguish their matches, to cower under the shocks of corn, and seek some imperfect shelter and sleep—shelter and sleep; to-morrow night, for most of them, the sleep shall be perfect enough, whatever the shelter may be. The order to the English was, to stand to their arms, or to lie within reach of them all night: Some waking soldiers in the English army were holding prayer meetings too. By moonlight, as the grey heavy morning broke over St. Abb's head, its first faint streak, the first peal of the trumpets ran along the Scottish host. But how unprepared were they then for the loud reply of the English host, and for the thunder of their cannons upon their lines.

Terrible was the awakening of the Scottish soldiers; and their watches all out: the battle-cry rushed along the lines—"The Covenant! The Covenant!" but it soon became more and more feeble, while yet high and strong, amid the roar of the trumpets and the musquetry, arose the watchword of Cromwell,—"The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" The battle-cry of Luther was in

in that hour the charging word of the English Puritans.

Terrible! but short as terrible! Cromwell had seized the moment and the place. The Hour and the Man met there in overthrowing the one flank of the enemy's line; he made them the authors of their own defeat. A thick fog, too, had embarrassed their movements; their very numbers became a source of confusion: but now over St. Abb's Head the sun suddenly appeared, crimsoning the sea, scattering the fogs away. The Scottish army were seen flying in all directions—flying, and so brief a fight! "They run!" said Cromwell; "I profess they run!" and, catching the inspiration, doubtless, from the bright shining of the daybeam. "Inspired," says Forster, "by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless, his voice was again heard—"NOW LET GOD ARISE, AND LET HIS ENEMIES BE SCATTERED!"

It was a wonderful victory: wonderful, even among wonderful triumphs! To hear the shout sent up by the united English army; to see the General make a halt and sing the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm, upon the field. Wonderful that that immense army should thus be scattered—10,000 prisoners taken—about 3000 slain—200 colours—15,000 stand of arms, and all the artillery; and that Cromwell should not have lost of his army twenty men!"

It is very beautiful to notice the humanity of Cromwell. He had been indisposed to fight these men, for their faith was very near to his own. They had denounced his party and his designs as "Sectaries," "Malignants," and yet had elevated the prince of Malignants to a place of honour and authority over them, and had sought to crush out all religious liberty, by imposing their ecclesiastical

polity upon England. This, Oliver had attempted to resist by peaceable means. as best he could. He wrote (as his letters and the public documents bear testimony) in the spirit of a Christian, to the men whom he looked upon as Christian brethren—one Christian army opposed to another—the sight was painful to him. It is evident he would have avoided the battle-field, but it could not be avoided. He was standing there for the invaded liberties of England; and, however hostile to war, the men were, the men who would build up the throne of Charles Stuart must understand, that it is only with their own they have a right to meddle.

Hence he writes to General Leslie:

"From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August, 1650.

"Sir,

"I received yours of the 13th instant, with the paper you mentioned therein enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many officers as could well be gotten together; to which your trumpet can witness. We return you this answer; by which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us.

"But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you to be imposed upon us; and this be called 'the cause of God and the kingdom;' and this done upon 'the satisfaction of God's people in both nations,

as is alleged,—together with a disowning of Malignants; although he [Charles Stuart] who is the head of them, in which all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, had a popish army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men in England, now in the head of our ships, stolen from us on a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose:—How the Godly interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant interests in their ends and consequences all centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern.

"And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should *not* be an 'espousing of a Malignant party's Quarrel or Interest;' but be a mere 'fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the cause of God and the kingdoms,' as hath been these twelve years last past; as you say, how this should be for the security and satisfaction of God's people in both nations, or how the opposing of this should render us enemies to the godly with you, we cannot well understand."

These citations, and others which might be given, illustrate the pacific and upright dispositions both in the mind of the General and the party he represented. And upon the field of battle: after Dunbar fight was over, his heart moved with pity to

the helpless and hapless crowds crushed down in the death struggle. He issued the following

"PROCLAMATION.

"Forasmuch, as I understand there are several soldiers of the enemy's army yet abiding in the field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

"These are therefore to give notice to the inhabitants of this nation, That they may have, and hereby have, free liberty to repair to the field aforesaid: and, with their carts or in any other peaceable way, to carry away the said soldiers to such places as they shall think fit:—provided they meddle not with, or take away, any the arms there. And all officers and soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

"Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

The neighbouring peasantry came with eight waggons, and these mournful funeral trains retired in peace with their wretched burdens.

It is also very beautiful to turn from the General to the husband, and to find on the morrow after the battle, while yet on the field, so tender a line as the following—so unaffected, no boasting, scarce an allusion to the difficulty, or the deliverance, but a simple gleam of affection playing forth from the heart of the strong man.

"*For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the*
"*Cockpit:** *These.*

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

"MY DEAREST,

"I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy lettters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any other creature; let that suffice.

"The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy; —who can tell how great it is. I remember you at the throne of Grace. I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Carlow: His name be praised.

"We have been engaged upon a service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were godly, and who pretended to be stumbled at our invasion:—indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again: my weak faith has been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported, though, I assure thee, I grow an old man and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing on me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will

* The Cock-pit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous royal lodging in Whitehall: Henry the Eighth's place of cock-fighting. Cromwell's family removed thither, by vote of the Commons, during the Irish campaign. The present Privy-council office is built on its site.

impart to thee my love, to all dear friends. I rest thine.

OLIVER CROMWELL."

By letters like these we are admitted into the most inner sanctuary of Cromwell's life; and nowhere do we more clearly see its beauty. Beauty! To many this term will seem strange, applied to this man; but does not beauty ever dwell with strength? and tenderness, is it not the companion of power. The weak and anxious Charles could not write such letters. It is very charming to find so fresh and beautiful feelings playing round and through the spirit of a man who was faded and worn down with the burthen of overwhelming power—who had ascended to the very highest height of earthly authority. Here is another letter, bearing nearly the same date:—

"MY DEAREST,

"I praise the Lord that I have increased in strength in my outward man; but that will not satisfy me, except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better, and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions. In these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you all with his spiritual blessings.

"Mind poor Betty of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord, and to keep close to him, and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and fre-

quently pray for her, and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them, knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to him. Let them take him in truth, and they shall find him.

"My love to the dear little ones—I pray for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often.

"Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed be wise—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Harry Vane of the business of my estate; Mr. Floyd knows my mind in that matter.

"If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them. They shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able as yet to write much; I am weary, and rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL."

We have also another short epistle sent to the same lady the next month.

"MY DEAREST,

"I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet, indeed, I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth; the Lord increase his favours to thee more and more. The greatest good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about

thee, and hear thy prayers, and accept thee always.

"I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my mother, my love to all the family. Still pray for thine,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Indeed, at this point in Cromwell's history, we might pause long, and notice many touches—traces of his love for the various members of his family. We might run back through the several past years of his life, and notice the combination of affection, and piety, and purity developed in his correspondence. He never writes to his daughters without guiding them to the best life. He never writes to his son without an effort to lead him to the best thoughts and the noblest actions, and this with no spirit of acrimony or sternness, but with real cheerfulness. This is very noticeable. Among other things, the real kindliness of the man, the homeliness of his feelings, the play of sunny good humour through his thoughts, and through his pen too. Here is a letter which it may be interesting to read:—

"*For my beloved daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's Quarters—These*

London, 25*th October*, 1646.

"DEAR DAUGHTER,

"I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late, partly because I am myself indisposed [i. e. *not in the mood*] at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind—bewailing it. She seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. *And thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end.* Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go less in desire [i. e. *become less desirous*]—less pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart press on, let not thy husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [*thy husband*] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations.—I am,

"Thy dear father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"Delicacy of sentiment," says Dr. D Aubigne, "the domestic virtues, and paternal love, are among the features by which Cromwell is best characterised." Here again, is a letter to the wife of Richard Cromwell, when the writer was on board the John, on his expedition to Ireland.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

"Your letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand; because, indeed, I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And,

therefore, I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

"I desire you both to make it, above all things, your business to seek the Lord; to be frequently calling upon him that he would manifest himself to you in his Son; and be listening what returns he makes to you, for he will be speaking in your ear and your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasure of this life and outward business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things by faith in Christ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, and not otherwise. I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near, which we see by his wonderful works; and, therefore, he looks that we of this generation draw near to him. This late great mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof; your husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

"The Lord bless thee, my dear daughter!

"I rest, thy loving father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

These, then, are the letters of this man, who has been regarded as a kind of ogre by all historians;—these are the letters of the warrior, do they not reveal the Christian? Do they not show a character strong in its simplicity, as we have beheld it before—strong in its mailed armour of proof and in its sagacity? Cromwell has been judged from a wrong centre: could a kid-skinned time-server

like Clarendon understand him? Could a sceptic like Hume understand him? Could a prejudiced partizan like Forster understand him? Let the reader at this point of Cromwell's history,—let him look at the great Achilles of the Commonwealth, and let him glance at the circumstances of the history too, and the times; what would have been the state of the land had there been no Cromwell, or had Cromwell been killed on the field of Dunbar or Worcester, for with the battle of Worcester terminated the second civil war? Charles II. fled in hopeless despair to France, to exist as the pensioned pauper of the French king. The royal power was now fairly beat down in England. Let the malignant sneerer, who has no words but common-place abuse to bestow upon the great English hero, attempt to realise what the land would and must have been without him, rent into factions, almost all equally strong. An army then without a leader, dreamy speculators determined to impose their theories upon the kingdom, and so inflict upon the land the miseries of anarchy, as in the French Revolution, or the horrors of persecution, as in Boston and the New England States. Cromwell was the power raised up by Providence to save England from this. Never in the history of the world had man so difficult a task to perform; but he performed it; because he brought to the task, in addition to the most remarkable combination of mental requisites ever assembled together in one man—forming a sort of Mythic personage, and reminding us of Theseus or Hercules; in addition to these, we say he brought piety of the sublimest order and singleness of purpose, lofty as that of a Hebrew prophet.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

CROMWELL'S usurpation of power, by the dismissal of the parliament, is ever alledged against him by those who take an inimical view of his character, as an act of treason, and a tremendous infraction of all law and elevation of self. It is by no means easy to debate the question. It is difficult, in the first place, to look at the nation and its affairs from the centre from whence it was observed by Oliver. The Long Parliament had done some good things, beyond all question. But although they had, in the first instance, derived their power from the people, as the people's representatives, they were now for the most part an irresponsible, and truly an incapable body. Those who, like John Forster, have asserted their ability, have not sufficiently distinguished—if they have been at the trouble to distinguish at all—between speculative and practical ability. The names pointed out to us as the leading men, are names for the most part of men fond of theory and refinements. What and where would the Long Parliament have been without Cromwell? Its soul, and spirit, and genius, were where he was,—at Naseby,—at Dunbar—at Worcester. But they appear to have determined resolutely that they would not move; they would not

form a Constitution; they could not obey the old —they would not—it appeared they could not dissolve themselves. Who was to dissolve them? It was a most uncertain, nay, a most unsafe position for a nation. It is acknowledged that they were but a provisional, or temporary body. It may sound strange to charge the Long Parliament with want of decision; but they were indeed brought to a period in their history when they found it impossible to act. Perhaps they were awed by a sense of their own responsibilities and power.

When Charles II. entered into England, from Scotland, before the Battle of Worcester, (the alarm spreading through the whole of the kingdom, and experienced as surely in London by the Parliament,) it must have been felt how important Cromwell was to England, to her liberties, and to her laws; and when, on that fortunate day, the 3rd of September, "the crowning mercy" descended on the field of Worcester, and scattered Charles and his army, it was still felt that Cromwell stood between the licentious tyrant and the people.— Returning to London he was met by parliamentary commissioners congratulating him; and, at Acton, by the Lord Mayor, the Council of State, and nearly all the Members of Parliament. When he took his seat in the House of Parliament, he again received thanks for his eminent services, and was entertained and treated uniformly with extraordinary honours. But the thing which Cromwell desired to see, was the settlement of the nation! Was he not, by all election and homage the strongest man in the nation? Thomas Cromwell observes here—

"The Parliament seemed very tardily to undertake the 'further settlement of the Commonwealth,'

at which they had invited Cromwell to assist. Although, all enemies being now conquered, and the *surface* of the nation, at least, restored to tranquillity, it became evident that the men, who had so long held the direction of affairs—or the relict of them rather; for the House, by deaths, violence, and other means, was now reduced to about a fifth part of its original number—should forthwith return to their constituents, and take their sense upon the assembling of another and more complete representative, or upon the formation of a permanent government;—or else at once frankly confess, either that they feared the confusion likely to be generated by the conflict of men's minds upon such subjects, or that they actually intended to retain their seats, until natural mortality should take them, one by one, from them. 'The soldiers,' says Whitelock, 'grumbled at their delays, and there began to be ill blood between them: till, at length, the General and his officers pressed their putting a period to their sitting, which they promised to do, but were slow in that business.' Indeed, so slow were they, that another year, and again, half that period, from the Battle of Worcester, rolled on, and "still found the *Long* Parliament seated at Westminster." Cromwell was not unconcerned at this delay. It became speedily obvious to him that he himself would have to settle this question. He requested an audience of a number of the members of the House and the chief officers of the army; and of this audience, Whitelock, who was present, gives to us the following account. On the arrival of the parties invited he observed that the old King being dead and his son defeated, he held it necessary to come to a settlement of the nation.

"*Mr. Speaker* said, My Lord, this company

were very ready to attend your Excellency; and the business you are pleased to propound to us is very necessary to be considered. God hath given marvellous success to our forces under your command; and if we do not improve these mercies to some settlement, such as may be to God's honour, and the good of this commonwealth, we shall be very much blameworthy.

"*Harrison.*—I think that which my Lord General hath propounded, is to advise as to a settlement, both of our civil and spiritual liberties; and so that the mercies which the Lord hath given unto us may not be cast away: how this may be done is the great question.

"*Whitelock*.—It is a great question, indeed, and not suddenly to be resolved; yet it were a pity that a meeting of so many able and worthy persons as I see here shall be fruitless. I should humbly offer, in the first place, whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this settlement is desired, whether of an absolute republic, or with any mixture of monarchy?

"*Cromwell.*—My Lord Commissioner Whitelock *hath put us upon the right point*; and, indeed, it is my meaning that we should consider whether a republic, or a mixed monarchical government, will be best to be settled; and, *if any thing monarchical, then in whom that power shall be placed?*

"*Sir Thomas Widdrington.*—(Who had resigned his commission of the Great Seal upon the late King's death.) I think a mixed monarchical government will be most suitable to the laws and people of the nation; and if any thing monarchical, I suppose we shall hold it most just to place that power in one of the sons of the late King.

"*Colonel Fleetwood.*—(Who afterwards married Cromwell's daughter, the widow of General Ireton.)

I think that the question, whether an absolute republic, or a mixed monarchy, is best to be settled in this nation, will not be very easy to be determined.

"*Lord Chief Justice St. John.*—It will be found that the government of this nation, without something of monarchical power, will be very difficult to be so settled as not to shake the foundation of our laws, and the liberties of the people.

"*Speaker.*—It will breed a strange confusion, to settle a government of this nation without something of monarchy.

"*Colonel Desborough.*—I beseech you, my Lord, why may not this, as well as other nations, be governed in the way of a republic?

"*Whitelock.*—The laws of England are so interwoven with the power and practise of monarchy, that to settle a government without something of monarchy, would make so great an alteration in the proceedings of our laws, that you have scarce time to rectify, nor can we well foresee, the inconveniences which will arise thereby.

"*Colonel Whalley.*—(Who had the custody of the late King's person at Hampton Court.) I do not well understand matters of law; but, it seems to me the best way not to have any thing of monarchical power in the settlement of our government; and, if we should resolve upon any, whom have we to pitch upon? The King's eldest son hath been in arms against us, and his second son is likewise our enemy.

"*Sir Thomas Widdrington.*—But the late King's third son, the Duke of Gloucester, is still among us, and too young to have been in arms against us, or infected with the principles of our enemies.

"*Whitelock.*—There may be a day given for the King's eldest son, or for the Duke of York,

his brother, to come into the Parliament; and, upon such terms as shall be thought fit and agreeable, both to our civil and spiritual liberties, a settlement may be made with them,

"*Cromwell.—That will be a business of more than ordinary difficulty;* but really I think, if it may be done with safety and preservation of our rights, both as Englishmen and as Christians, that *a settlement with somewhat of monarchical power in it would be very effectual.*"

The space does not admit of any lengthened account of the various conferences held by Cromwell, to guage the state of feeling entertained by those around him. Royalists and Presbyterians began to conspire against him. The Parliament resolved indeed to dissolve itself; first, in the period of three years; and then in one year: but this was understood to be but a pretext for securing time.

On the 19th of April, 1653, Cromwell again summoned a meeting of principal men at his house in Whitehall, in the Palace, where he had taken up his residence; the next day they again assembled and while sitting in discussion, here Cromwell received intelligence that the Speaker and the members were hurrying an order through the house, for the issuing of writs for the filling of vacant seats—this was in opposition to all understood arrangement, and as it would so mightily increase the power of the house, and give to it an opportunity of further delay, the General became enraged and determined on a piece of conduct which has formed not only, perhaps, the central circumstance of his life, but has given occasion for the severest remarks of most Historians and Biographers. It was while sitting as we have said in consultation in his own house, that Ingoldsby rushed

into the apartment, saying to Cromwell, "If you mean to do anything decisive you have no time to lose."

Cromwell rose hastily, commanded a party of soldiers to be marched round to the House of Commons, and left the room without another word. Lambert and "five or six" of the more determined officers followed him. The rest remained sitting where they were, in wonder, uncertainty, and dread.

"Cromwell made no pause till he stood before the door of the House of Commons. Here he planted a body of soldiers, stationed another in the lobby, and led round some files of musketeers to a position without the chamber where the members were seated. His manner, at this momentous instant, was observed to be calm, and his very dress was noted for its peaceful contrast to his purposes. Vane had again risen, and was speaking on the dissolution-bill, in a passionate strain, when he quietly appeared at the door, 'clad in plain black clothes, with grey worsted stockings,' quite unattended and alone. About a hundred members were at this time present. He stood for a moment on the spot at which he entered, and then 'sat down as he used to do in an ordinary place.' Here he was instantly joined by his kinsman Saint John, to whom he said, with inexpressible humility of manner, that "he was come to do that which grieved him to the very soul, and that he had earnestly prayed to God against. Nay, that he had rather be torn in pieces than do it; but there was a necessity laid upon him therein, in order to the glory of God, and the good of the nation.' Saint John answered, that 'he knew not what he meant; but did pray, that what it was which must be done, might have a happy issue for the general good."

With this, that crafty lawyer, went back to his own seat, to wait the issue of all those dark intrigues in which he had himself played so prominent a part.

But the question for the passing the obnoxious bill was now about to be put, unable therefore longer to contain himself, he exclaimed to Major General Harrison, "This is the time I must do it;" and, starting up, thus peremptorily addressed the Speaker and the members:—"You have sufficiently imposed upon the people, and provided for yourselves and relations!—You have long cheated the country by your sitting here, under pretext of settling the commonwealth, reforming the laws, and procuring the common good: whilst, in the mean time, you have only invaded the wealth of the state, and screwed yourselves and relations into all places of honour and profit, to feed your own luxury and impiety!"—

He stamped with his foot; and, this being the signal previously agreed upon, the musqueteers immediately entered. Then, in a furious manner, he bade the Speaker "leave the chair;" and, looking round upon the House, exclaimed—"For shame! get ye gone!—give place to honester men, and those that will more faithfully discharge their trust. The Lord has done with ye! and has chosen other instruments for the carrying on his work, that are more worthy."

During so much of this scene, the members appear to have remained mute with astonishment; but several of them now rose at once, to expostulate with, or upbraid the authoritative General. In particular, Sir Peter Wentworth (it is supposed) cried, "It ill suits your Excellency's justice, to brand us all promiscuously, and in general, without the proof of a crime." But Cromwell, growing

yet more incensed, would suffer no one to be heard but himself; stepping into the centre of the House, and vehemently continuing his reproaches. 'Come, come,' said he, 'I will put an end to your prating. You are no Parliament: I say you are no Parliament: I will put an end to your sitting.'

Sir Henry Vane now spoke from his place; "This is not honest; yea. it is against morality and common honesty—Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane!" cried Cromwell, with a loud voice; "the Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" He took him wrathfully by the cloak: "thou art a juggling fellow!" Alderman Allan, a goldsmith, he sternly told, that "he had enriched himself by cozening the state; for which he should be called to account:" and delivered him in custody to one of the guard. In plain terms, he then ordered the soldiers to clear out; an order, which they as peremptorily began to execute: while the outraged representatives, according to their several tempers, retired crest-fallen, with looks of fierceness, or of sullen indignation. As they passed, Cromwell pointed to Sir Harry Martin, and Tom Challoner, and asked, "Is it fit that such fellows as these should sit to govern? men of vicious lives! the one a noted whore-master. To Sir Harry Vane no epithet was attached, he was a man of blameless life, but wholly unfit to govern from his propensity to abstract speculation.

It is needless to say that resistance, to any successful end, was idle; yet not without such resistance as might serve to enter their immortal protest with posterity did these lion-hearted republicans leave the scene (now degraded and profaned) of their yet glorious and undying triumphs. "Then the General," pursues Lord Leicester, "pointing to the Speaker in his chair, said to Harrison,

"Fetch him down.' Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down;. but the Speaker sat still, and said nothing. 'Take him down,' said the General; then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that day that Algernon Sidney sat next to the Speaker on the right hand. The General said to Harrison, "Put him out;" Harrison spake to Sidney to go out; but he said he would not go out, and sat still. The General said again, "Put him out." Then Harrison and Worsley (who commanded the General's own regiment of foot) put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out. Then he rose and went towards the door. Then the General went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carried before the Speaker, and said, "Take away these baubles." So the soldiers took away the mace. As the last members retired, the General snatched up the act for thus calling the members, about to pass, and put it under his cloak, and having commanded the doors to be locked up, he went to his palace at Whitehall:—

"The officers he had left were still sitting together when Cromwell reappeared, flushed and excited as they had always seen him after victory, and, flinging on the table before them the key of the House of Commons, (the 'bauble' had been tossed into the outer room,) told them all that he had done. 'When I went there,' he added, 'I did not think to have done this. But perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult flesh and blood.'"

Thus fell the Long Parliament, the most important Legislative Assembly, that had ever sat in England; but it is important to notice that many, and most of those great men, who had given to it

its colour of greatness and power were dead. There was a grandeur of national spirit, which first revealed what the English people were capable of; it is difficult to over-estimate the glory and the greatness of these men who composed this Parliament.

With reason, therefore, does Mr. Harris remark, that, "if ever men were qualified for acting the part of legislators, these were they.' But, if so highly gifted were these celebrated senators, what must have been the courage, the conscious powers and endowments, of that man, who could venture, in the face of the whole nation, to displace them! Considering Cromwell in this light, Warburton forcibly observes of him, that he seems 'to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the liberties of their country. The times in which others succeeded in this attempt, were such as saw the spirit of liberty suppressed and stifled by a general luxury and venality: but Cromwell subdued his country when this spirit was at its height by a successful struggle against court oppression; and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest geniuses for government the world ever saw."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LORD PROTECTOR.

And now we have followed Cromwell, till from all the battles and the counsels in which his magnificent genius shone only in companionship, he appears before us sole, and alone a tyrant, as many have called him; but if we call him so, it must rather be after the usuages of the ancient Greek language than our modern dialect—a tyrant—a supreme ruler and commander. And now the reader should narrowly watch his conduct and the motives he acted from, frequently obsure, but still to be perceived by constant watchfulness; and he should bring the great commander and hero to that sovereign test of greatness—Unity: tried by this test, how great does he become to the eye of the philosophical historian. Great souls own a principle of completeness; minor souls called great, are rent and torn, and disunited. The highest point of genius is this power of bringing all its faculties to a focus, binding them all by a statute and law, acknowledged to itself. This is at once the secret and the source of the repose of genius, of its continuity, of its strength. Souls disunited are weak as souls in unity are strong. Genius is all eye, all touch,—it sees everywhere, and feels through

all places and spheres, hence its perpetual sympathy, its knowledge and its power.

Cromwell must be looked at thus, and he will be understood: he had this divine thing in him—he hated disorder and disunion,—he knew that they, indeed, must be satanic and demoniac. He venerated law, no man more than he; that to him was divine,—all his deeds, therefore, were for the purpose of holding the kingdom true to law. His whole history is an effort to reconcile the nation to itself, and jarring interests with each other. He was sometimes severe—nature is very severe; but was his not the severity of nature; and like all men who follow nature, he in his whole conduct developed a love of justice and *of truth*, beautiful to behold. Thus it is particularly noticeable, as Lord Clarendon remarks, that in calling his second parliament, he had not observed "the old course in sending writs out to all the *little* boroughs throughout England, which used to send burgesses, (by which method some single counties send more members to parliament than six other counties do). He took a more *equal* way, by appointing *more knights for every shire* to be chosen, and *fewer burgesses*: whereby the number of the whole was much lessened: and yet, the people being left to their own election, it was not, by him thought an ill temperament; and was then generally looked upon as *an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time.*"

The plan pursued by Cromwell in calling his parliament, was in fact, a Reform Bill.

The first Parliament, however, convoked by Cromwell, was not the combustible affair that Clarendon, and Hume have represented it; the former writer says, it will not be amiss to name one member, "that there may be a better judg-

ment made of the rest, it will not be amiss to name one, from whom the Parliament itself was afterwards denominated, who was Praise-God (that was his Christian name) Barebone, a leather-seller in Fleet-street; from whom, he being an eminent speaker in it, it was afterward's called Praise-God Barebone's Parliament. In a word, they were a pack of weak, senseless fellows, fit only to bring the name and reputation of parliaments lower than it was yet."

The reader has heard of this parliament before. Possibly the ingenious device of substituting for argument the misnomer of the city leather-merchant, Barebone, who—for all the quaintness of his name, would appear to have been a man of wealth as well as of influence and good understanding,—possibly this device of a lucky nick-name has sufficed, and the reader has long since taken for granted, with Clarendon, they were a pack of mean, hypocritical, senseless fellows, *known only by their gifts of praying and preaching;* so convenient a substitute is ridicule for argument. Yet this list of that assembly still exists, showing among its numbers such names as Viscount Lisle; George, Lord Eure; Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich; Howard, afterwards Earl of Carlyle: Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albermarle; Admiral Blake, and a list of eminent men of high military rank, who had served with honour in the wars. Sundry baronets of old family appear on the roll; and twelve of those who sat in the Long Parliament formed a portion of its successor. One finds there Francis Rouse, Provost of Eton College; Colonel Hutchinson; Major Salway; Richard Mayor, of Hursley; Alderman Ireton, brother of the more celebrated

Lord Deputy; with others, whom Carlyle rightly calls "Peers of Nature." Scotland too sent her quota of representatives to this assembly of notables:—"Sir William Lockhart, of Lee, afterwards Ambassador at the Court of Louis XIV.; Sir James Hope, of Hopetoun; Alexander Swinton, of Swinton, one of the Scottish Judges; Alexander Brodie, of Brodie; and the celebrated Alexander Jaffray, Provost of Aberdeen; the two last of whom had been seleeted by the Scottish Committee of State in 1650, to accompany the Earls of Cassilliss and Lothian to Breda, to obtain Charles's signature to the Covenant."

And this Parliament sought well to perform its work, and it does by no means appear, that from Cromwell came the retarding causes of its success, and the overthrow of its power; this first Parliament failed and surrendered its power into the hands of the Protector. He called another parliament on the 3d of September, 1654, the new parliament, elected by the free voice of the people, assembled in the painted Chamber, at Westminster. A late day had been originally named; and this day too chanced to fall on a Sunday; nevertheless t was Cromwell's Fortunate Day, the anniversary to him of mighty victories, in which he believed the hand of Providence had been specially manifested on his behalf. The members assembled in the afternoon in Westminster Abbey, and after hearing sermon, they accompanied the Protector to the Painted Chamber, where he addressed them in a brief speech, after which they adjourned to the next day. On the following morning this new parliament was inaugurated with peculiar pomp. The Lord Protector rode in state to Westminster Abbey, accompanied by the Officers of State, the Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Officers of

the Army, and the usual attendants on such pageants. Splendid apparel, gorgeous trappings, and all the wonted significance of royal ceremonial, gave effect to this public display, while in proud contrast to all this showy parade, Cromwell sat in the state carriage, dressed in the simple garb of an English country gentleman. After hearing a sermon, specially addressed to the new parliament, by the Rev. Thomas Goodwin, the members adjourned once more to the Painted Chamber, where Cromwell addressed them for nearly three hours on the great end of their meeting—for healing and settling the nation.

Among other things noticeable, he said—"This government (let men say what they will, I can speak with comfort before a greater than you all, as to my intentions, and let men judge out of the thing itself) is calculated for the interest of the people, for their interest alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. It hath endeavoured to reform the laws; it hath taken care to put into seats of justice men of the most known integrity and ability; it hath put a stop to that heady way, for every man that will to make himself a preacher; having endeavoured to settle a way for approbation of men of piety and fitness for the work; and the business committed to persons, both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgment, men of as known ability and integrity as (I suppose) any the nation hath; and who (I believe) have laboured to approve themselves to God, and their own consciences, in approving men to that great function. One thing more; it hath been instrumental to call a *free* parliament. Blessed be God, we see here this day a *free* parliament; and that it may continue so, I hope is in the hear of every good man of England. For my own part,

as I desire it above my life, so to keep it free, I shall value it above my life.

"This is a narrative that discovers to you the series of Providence, and of transactions leading me into this condition wherein I now stand. I shall conclude with my persuasion to you, to have a sweet, gracious, and holy understanding one of another, and put you in mind of the counsel you heard this day thereunto. And I desire you to believe, that I speak not to you as one that would be a Lord over you, but as one that is resolved to be a fellow-servant with you to the interest of this great affair."

But the very first question to which they addressed themselves was, whether the House shall *approve* the government to be in one single person and a parliament;" in brief, shall the government of this realm be monarchic or republican? This could, under no circumstances, be agreeable to Oliver. By him alone could they possess any right at all. He called them together, and he now a second time called them, and as summarily dismissed them.

Finding that the debates grew high, and that a language was assumed by the republican party derogatory to his essential dignity and eminence in the state, he suddenly sent a message to the House to meet him in the Painted Chamber. They came; and he addressed them in a long speech, properly expressive of some indignation and resentment at their proceedings, and containing many just views of their and his own power.

"I told you," said he, speaking of his opening of the House, "you were a *free* parliament; and so you are, whilst you own the government and authority that called you hither; for that word implied a reciprocation, or it implied nothing at

all. The same government that made you a parliament made me Protector; and, as you were intrusted with some things, so was I with all other things. There were some things in the government fundamental, and that cannot be altered, namely, that the government should be in one person and a parliament, &c., and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable; but I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office, which I have not been apt to do.

"I had this thought within myself, that it had not been dishonest, nor dishonourable, nor against true liberty, no, not of parliaments, when a parliament was so chosen—that *an owning of your call*, and of the authority bringing you hither, might have been required before your entrance into the House; but this was declined, and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could reasonably doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe the people that sent you least doubted thereof at all; and therefore I must deal plainly with you. What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you will necessitate me unto now; that, seeing the authority that called you is so little valued, and so much slighted, till some such assurance be given and made known, that the fundamental interest of the government be settled and approved—*I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the Parliament House.*

"I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this; but there is cause; and if things be not satisfied that are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, shall do that which becomes me, seeking my counsel from God. There is, therefore, somewhat to be offered to you —the making your minds known in that, by your

giving your assent and subscription to it, is that which will let you in to act those things as a parliament which are for the good of the people. And this thing shewed to you, and signed as aforesaid, doth determine the controversy, and may give a happy progress and issue to this parliament. The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the lobby without the parliament door."

But we have done with Cromwell's parliaments. It needs not to be remarked that his parliaments were mostly nominal. He was the ruler. His third parliament was dismissed as summarily as his second had been. Had the welfare of England depended upon her parliaments, she must have been irretrieveably lost. The first was the best; but they all persisted in dealing with impracticabilities. With dense obtuseness they would not recognize in the Protector the best defender of England; they did not see the dangers to which England was exposed; they did not see how closely they were hemmed round by conspiracies and traitors, who only could be curbed and held in check by Cromwell's wary eye and strong arm.

Cromwell never assumed the title of "Defender of the Faith," but beyond all princes of Europe, he was the bulwark and barrier against the cruelties of Rome; in all the persecutions of the French Protestants, how nobly his conduct contrasts with that of Elizabeth, upon the occasion of the massacre of St. Bartholemew! She received the Ambassador, but Cromwell wrung from the persecutors, aid and help for the victims.

The Duke of Savoy raised a new persecution of the Vaudois, many were massacred, and the rest driven from their habitations. Whereupon Cromwell sent to the French court, demanding of them to

oblige that duke whom he knew to be in their power, to put a stop to his unjust fury, or otherwise he must break with them. The cardinal objected to this as unreasonable: he would do good offices, he said, but could not answer for the effects. However, nothing would satisfy the Protector, till they obliged the duke to restore all that he had taken from his Protestant subjects, and to renew their former privileges. Cromwell wrote on this occasion to the duke himself, and by mistake omitted the title of "Royal Highness" on his letter; upon which the major part of the council of Savoy were for returning it unopened: but one of them representing, that Cromwell would not pass by such an affront, but would certainly lay Villa Franca in ashes, and set the Swiss cantons upon Savoy, the letter was read, and with the cardinal's influence, had the desired success. The Protector also raised money in England for the poor sufferers, and sent over an agent to settle all their affairs. He was moved to tears, when he heard of the sufferings of the people of the valleys. He sent immediately the sum of £2000 from his own purse, to aid the poor exiles. He appointed a day of humiliation to be held throughout the kingdom, and a general collection on their behalf. The people heartly responded to this call, and testified their sympathy with their distressed brethren, by raising the sum of £40,000, for distribution among them.

At another time there happened a tumult at Nismes, wherein some disorder had been committed by the Huguenots. They being apprehensive of severe proceedings upon it, sent one over, with great expedition and secrecy, to desire Cromwell's intercession and protection. This express found so good a reception, that he the same evening dispatched a letter to the cardinal, with one enclosed

to the king; also instructions to his Ambassador Lockhart, requiring him either to prevail for a total immunity of that misdemeanour, or immediately to come away. At Lockhart's application, the disorder was overlooked; and though the French court complained of this way of proceeding, as a little too imperious, yet the necessity of their affairs made them comply. This Lockhart, a wise and gallant man, who was governor of Dunkirk and Ambassador at the same time, and in high favour with the Protector, told Bishop Burnet, that when he was sent afterwards ambassador by King Charles, he found he had nothing of that regard that was paid to him in Cromwell's time.

There was yet a farther design, very advantageous to the Protestant cause, wherewith Cromwell intended to have begun his kingship, had he taken it upon him; and that was, the instituting a council for the Protestant religion, in opposition to the *congregation de propaganda fide* at Rome. This body was to consist of seven councillors, and four secretaries for different provinces. The secretaries were to have £500 salary a-piece, to keep correspondence every where. Ten thousand pounds a year was to be a fund for ordinary emergencies: farther supplies were to be provided, as occasions required; and Chelsea-College, then an old ruinous building, was to be fitted up for their reception. This was a great design, and worthy of the man who had formed it.

It was at the very period of the Massacre of the Piedmontese, that a treaty with France had been matured, after long and tedious negotiation. One demand after another had been conceded to Cromwell by Louis and his crafty adviser, the Cardinal Mazarin. Milton had conducted the negotiation to a successful issue, and the French Ambassador

waited with the treaty ready for signature, when Cromwell learned of the sufferings of the Vaudois. He forthwith dispatched an ambassador on their behalf to the Court of Turin, and refused to sign the treaty with France till their wrongs were redressed. The French Ambassador was astonished and indignant. He remonstrated with Cromwell, and urged that the question bore no connection with the terms of the treaty; nor could his sovereign interfere on any plea with the subjects of an independent state. Mazarin took even bolder ground. He did not conceal his sympathy with the efforts of the Duke of Savoy to coerce these Protestant *rebels*—declared his conviction, that in truth, "the Vaudois had inflicted a hundred times worse cruelties on the Catholics than they had suffered from them;" and altogether took up a very high and haughty position. Cromwell remained unmoved. New protestations met with no better reception. He told his Majesty of France, in reply to his assurances of the impossibility of his interfering, that he had already allowed his own troops to be employed as the tools of the persecutors; which, though something very like giving his Christian Majesty the lie, was not without its effect. Cromwell would not move from the sacred duty he had assumed to himself, as the defender of the persecuted Protestants of Europe. The French Ambassador applied for an audience to take his leave, and was made welcome to go. *Louis and Mazarin had both to yield to his wishes, at last, and became the unwilling advocates of the heretics of the Valleys.*

Indeed of the whole foreign policy of Cromwell, in which Milton bore so conspicuous à share, a very slight sketch may suffice. It is altogether such as every Englishman may be proud of. Not an iota of the honours due to a crowned head would he

dispense with, when negociating, as the Protector of England, with the proudest monarchs of Europe. Spain yielded with little hesitation to accord to him the same style as was claimed by her own haughty monarchs; but Louis of France sought, if possible, some compromise. His first letter was addressed to "His Most Serene Highness Oliver, Lord Protector, &c.," but Cromwell refused to receive it. The more familiar title of "Cousin," was in like manner rejected, and Louis and his crafty minister, the Cardinal Mazarin, were compelled to concede to him the wonted mode of address between sovereigns — "To our dear Brother Oliver." "What," exclaimed Louis to his minister, "shall I call this base fellow my brother?" "Aye," rejoined his astute adviser, "or your father, if it will gain your ends!"

When those of the Valley of Lucerne had unwarily rebelled against the Duke of Savoy, which gave occasion to the Pope, and the neighbouring princes of Italy, to call and solicit for their extirpation, and their prince positively resolved upon it, Cromwell sent his agent to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and so engaged the Cardinal, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any grace to the English Roman Catholics, (nothing being more usual than his saying "that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome,") that the Duke of Savoy thought it necessary to restore all that he had taken from them, and did renew all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed, and newly forfeited.

"Cromwell," says a celebrated writer, "would never suffer himself to be denied anything he ever asked of the Cardinal, alleging, 'that the people

would not be otherwise satisfied;' which the Cardinal bore very heavily, and complained of to those with whom he would be free. One day he visited Madame Turenne; and, when he took his leave of her, she, according to her custom, besought him to continue gracious to the churches. Whereupon the Cardinal told her 'that he knew not how to behave himself: if he advised the King to punish and suppress their insolence, Cromwell threatened him to join with the Spaniard; and, if he showed any favour to them, at Rome they accounted him a heretic.'"

The proceedings the Cardinal did adopt, leave no room to doubt the conclusion he finally arrived at, as to whether it was most advisable to attend to the threats of the Pope of Rome, or of the Lord Protector of England.

The Prince who bears the closest resemblance to Cromwell, is Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; he too, was the lion of the Protestant cause, and his camp, like that of the great British Farmer, was the scene of piety and extraordinary bravery. Like Cromwell, he was rapid, and irresistible as a mountain torrent, on the field. Like Cromwell, he alarmed the councils of the Roman Pontiff, and struck terror into the Imperialist Cabinet. Far inferior to Cromwell, for who of all Generals or Statesmen, equalled him; yet, both regarded themselves as set apart, and consecrated for the defence of Protestantism against the encroachments and cruelties of Popery,—this idea entered largely into the mind of the Protector: he saw the state of Europe—he felt for its wrung and lacerated condition. In his age he was the only Protestant Prince, while the so called Protestant Statesmen were in league with Rome. He raised his banner against the Vatican, declared his side and his con-

victions, and made the tyrants and the diplomatists of Europe quail and shrink before the shadow of his power, and the terror of his name. In the history of Protestantism, he occupies the distinguished place in the very foreground. That we are entitled to say thus much of him, is proved by a reference to his own words, as well as to the better evidence of his deeds. He says in addressing his last Parliament:—

"The impression of the weight of those affairs and interests for which we are met together is such that I could not with a good conscience satisfy myself, if I did not remonstrate to you somewhat of my apprehensions of the state of the affairs of these nations; together with the proposal of such remedy as may occur, to the dangers now imminent upon us.

"I conceive the well-being, yea the being of these nations is now at stake. If God bless this meeting,—our tranquillity and peace may be lengthened out to us; if *otherwise*, I shall offer it to your judgments and considerations, by the time I have done, whether there be, as to *men*, so much as a possibility of discharging that trust which is incumbent upon us for the safety and preservation of these nations! When I have told you what occurs to my thoughts, I shall leave it to such an operation on your hearts as it shall please God Almighty to work upon you. •

"I look upon this to be the great duty of my place; as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil; that so, by the advice of so wise and great a council as this, which hath in the life and spirit of these nations, such good may be attained, and such evil, whatever it is, may be obviated. We shall hardly set our

shoulders to this work, unless it shall please God to work some conviction upon our hearts that *there is need* of our most serious and best counsels at such a time as this is!—I have not prepared any such matter and rule of speech to deliver myself unto you, as perhaps might have been fitter for me to have done, and more serviceable for you in understanding me;—but shall only speak plainly and honestly to you out of such conceptions as it hath pleased God to set upon me.

"We have not been now four years and upwards in this government, to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the greatest concernment to us. Your dangers,—for that is the head of my speech,—are either with respect to affairs abroad and their difficulties, or to affairs at home and their difficulties. You are come now, as I may say, into the end of as great difficulties and straits as, I think, ever nation was engaged in.

"First, from abroad: What are the affairs, I beseech you, abroad? I thought the profession of the Protestant religion was a thing of well-being; and truly, in a good sense, so it is, and no more; though it be a very high thing, it is but a thing of well-being. But take it with all the complications of it, with all the concomitants of it, with respect had to the nations abroad,—and I do believe, he that looks well about him, and considereth the estate of the Protestant affairs all Christendom over; he must needs say and acknowledge that the grand design now on foot, in comparison with which all other designs are but low things, is, whether the Christian world shall be all Popery? Or, whether God hath a love to, and we ought to have a love to, and a brotherly feeling of, the interests of all the Protestant Christians in the world?"

From this he proceeds to call their attention to the many dangers that beset them both on the continent and at home; and then puts the question to them if that is a time for discussing at their ease, whatever pleases them, and wasting their time in endless questions of precedence and form. Retracing the sixteen years of strife through which they have passed, he calls to their mind the enjoyment of peace they at that moment have, and exclaims:—"Is not this a mighty blessing from the Lord of Heaven? Shall we now be prodigal of time? Should any man, shall *we*, listen to delusions, to break and interrupt this peace? There is not any man that hath been true to this cause, as I believe you have been all, who can look for anything but the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world! I wonder how it can enter into the heart of man to undervalue these things; to slight peace and the gospel, the greatest mercy of God. We have peace and the gospel! Let us have one heart and soul; one mind to maintain the honest and just rights of this nation;—not to *pretend* to them, to the destruction of our peace, to the destruction of the nation! Really, pretend what we will, if you run into *another* flood of blood and war, the sinews of this nation being wasted by the last, it must sink and perish utterly. I beseech you, and charge you in the name and presence of God, and as before him, be sensible of these things, and lay them to heart! You have a day of fasting coming on. I beseech God touch your hearts and open your hearts to this truth; and that you may be as deaf adders to stop your ears to all dissension; and may look upon them who would sow dissension, whoever they may be, as Paul saith to the church of Corinth, as I remember: "*Mark* such as cause divisions and offences,"

and would disturb you from that foundation of peace you are upon, under any pretence whatsoever!"

Have our readers ever read the anecdote of Cromwell and the Quaker.* It occurs in a speech made in the House of Commons, in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, by Mr. Pulteny in a debate on the complaints of the West Indian Merchants against Spain, and certainly it showed no ordinary bravery, to introduce the example of Cromwell to the notice of Kings and Ministers in those days.

"This was what Oliver Cromwell did in a like case, that happened during his government, and in a case where a more powerful nation was concerned than ever Spain could pretend to be. In the histories of his time we are told, that an English merchant-ship was taken in the chops of the channel, carried into St. Maloes, and there confiscated upon some groundless pretence. As soon as the master of the ship, who was an honest quaker, got home, he presented a petition to the Protector in Council, setting forth his case, and praying for redress. Upon hearing the petition, the Protector told his Council, he would take that affair upon himself, and ordered the man to attend him next morning. He examined him strictly as to all the circumstances of his case, and finding by his answers that he was a plain honest man, and that he had been concerned in no unlawful trade, he asked him, If he would go to Paris with a letter? The man answered, he

* We regret that we have never been able to trace up the full authenticity of this most characteristic anecdote. It is quoted by Joseph Ivimy in his life of Milton, from "A Review of the Political life of Oliver Cromwell, by the late John Banks Esq." This Book is in my possession, and it is the only volume in which I have been able to trace it.

could. Well then, says the Protector, prepare for your journey, and come to me to-morrow morning. Next morning he gave him a letter to Cardinal Mazarin, and told him he must stay but three days for an answer. The answer I mean, says he, is, the full value of what you might have made of your ship and cargo; and tell the cardinal, that if it is not paid you in three days, you have express orders from me to return home. The honest, blunt Quaker, we may suppose, followed his instructions to a tittle; but the cardinal, according to the manner of ministers when they are any way pressed, began to shuffle; therefore the Quaker returned, as he was bid. As soon as the Protector saw him, he asked, "Well, friend, have you got your money?" And upon the man's answering he had not, the protector told him, "Then leave your direction with my secretary, and you shall soon hear from me." Upon this occasion, that great man did not stay to negotiate, or to explain, by long tedious memorials, the reasonableness of his demand. No; though there was a French minister residing here, he did not so much as acquaint him with the story, but immediately sent a man of war or two to the channel, with orders to seize every French ship they could meet with. Accordingly, they returned in a few days with two or three French prizes, which the Protector ordered to be immediately sold, and out of the produce, he paid the Quaker what he demanded for the ship and cargo. Then he sent for the French Minister, gave him an account of what had happened, and told him there was a balance, which, if he pleased, should be paid in to him, to the end that he might deliver it to those of his countrymen, who were the owners of the French ships, that had been so taken and sold."

So haughty was his tone with the whole Con-

tinent of Europe, England had never before held so important a place; it was not only among European Powers, it was the chief of European Powers; Cromwell dictated terms to France and Portugal, and humbled wonderfully the power of haughty, cruel, Spain. It might have been supposed that the interests of Holland would ever have conjoined her with the great English Protector, but not so, until her pride on the seas had been tamed by the banners, and the thunders of Blake. She was however found in coalition with Cromwell at last; not only Holland but all Europe knew Him. He has indeed been severely condemned for disturbing the balance of European Power, enhancing that of France, enfeebling that of Spain. That balance needed disturbing. Spain was the foe of the Protestant interest, France was not its friend, but Spain was the sworn Captain of Rome. The shadow of her power overawed all Europe—Cromwell measured himself against this Power—despoiled her ships, snatched from her her islands on the Indian Seas,—dissipated and wrung from her her wealth—made her power contemptible throughout the very world, and along the very seas where she had held such unquestioned sovereignty; in Cromwell's day was England pre-eminently the Champion of the oppressed, its refuge and its Haven—and the foe and scourge of wrong doing and doers.

The celebrated treaty with Portugal was brought to a conclusion under rather extraordinary circumstances. The Portuguese ambassador's brother had been concerned in a murder in London, which had arisen out of a quarrel between himself and some of his train, and an English gentleman, at the New Exchange. After the commission of the crime, he had taken refuge in the ambassador's house, as in a privileged asylum; but, notwith-

standing, he, and several more Portuguese were seized, committed to Newgate, and, in due course, tried before the court even yet, by Whitelock, styled that of *King's* Bench. Here, the chief criminal pleaded, that, not only as he was the ambassador's brother, but as he was by his royal master constituted ambassador in his brother's absence, he was exempt from trial; but, in disregard of this plea, upon the jury (consisting, as in all ordinary cases of the kind, of six denizens and six aliens) finding him guilty with the rest, all were sentenced to be hanged. Whereupon, the only mercy extended to him in quality of his functions, by the Protector, was commutation of the sentence into beheading: and the unhappy ambassador himself, not to stay to witness the execution, signed the treaty with Cromwell at eight o'clock in the morning, and embarked at Gravesend at ten, of the same day, on the afternoon of which his his brother proceeded, in a coach and six horses, in mourning, and attended with several of his retinue to Tower-hill, where the awful ceremony was duly performed. This unfortunate occurrence, it thus appeared, was not, by the Portuguese agent, in prudence permitted to be any bar to the signature of a treaty, which Lord Chancellor Hyde himself considered, "in very many respects, the most advantageous to this nation that was ever entered into with any prince or people." But, as the King of Portugal hesitated to confirm this treaty, Cromwell sent word to his renowned Admiral, Blake, to that effect: accompanied with his instructions to "take, arrest, and seize upon the fleet or fleets belonging to the King of Portugal, or any of his subjects, now expected from the East or West Indies, and to keep and detyne the same, without breaking of bulk, or embezilment, toward satisfac-

tion for wrongs and damages, &c.; unless Mr. Meadows, his envoy at the court of Portugal, should, before any such action receive account of the ratification of the treaty." The King of Portugal did not hesitate long, but signed and ratified it immediately.

In the presence of all these facts, it is strange now to approach another Historical topic of our Hero's character, among other curious topics of speculation. For, upon what will not men speculate?—is this one: Whether Cromwell was, or was not, a coward? and, until very recently, our eminent writers have all answered "Yes!" "Yes!" say Hume, Goldsmith, Southey, and many others. The foundation for so severe a criticism, in reference to his bravery, seems to be simply this (the anecdote comes to us from the current histories of the time):—On Friday, the 29th of September, 1654, His Highness went into Hyde Park,* and made there a Pic Nic dinner, under the trees. He was relieving himself for a day, from cares and anxieties, from which we may suppose he seldom had any relief; and he was in the mind to try a raw set of horses, recently sent him, by the Duke of Oldenburg. Having dined, he determined to drive two in hand; a postillion driving the other two. The horses became unruly, galloped, and would not be checked, but took to plunging; overturning postillion and Protector. The Protector was dragged by the foot, for some time, so that a pistol went off in his pocket: and that pistol, so let off in Hyde Park, has been let off also in every poor volume of history, touching upon those times ever since. But, what of the Pistol? Oliver was not a member of

* Say, St. James's Park; it was not called Hyde Park till many years later.

a Peace Society; and a man may carry a pistol in his pocket, for self-defence, without the imputation of cowardice, it may be supposed. The reader is here to remember, that all the tales of wearing private armour, and restless anxiety and fear, are lies; and are, wherever found, to be treated as such.

Besides, "in Paris, Charles Stuart still lived, in the mimic state of a king, with his Lord-keeper Ormond, his Chancellor of the Exchequer Hyde, his Privy Councillors and Officers of Household. It will naturally be supposed that Hyde had a sinecure in his office. This pitiful court was in truth in a villainous condition of beggary. A clean shirt was a rarity, and a good dinner a thing long remembered. Surrounded by such sordid wants, Charles Stuart yet spent his money with a profligate and reckless profusion, while it lasted, in which no beggar or pensioner has before or since excelled him. But suddenly the rise of the Protectorate—of the renewed government by a single person—shed rays of unaccustomed hope upon his ragged courtiers, and he was induced to turn aside for a time from the embraces of Lucy Walters, to listen to the lively project of a general muster of murderers from Ormond and Hyde.

"In a short time a proclamation had obtained extensive circulation, through private channels, in Paris and London, which began thus:—

"'By the King, Charles the Second, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, to all our good and loving subjects, peace and prosperity. Whereas a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, hath, by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws, both divine and human, most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the su-

preme power over our said kingdoms . . . . these are in our name to give freedom and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of our three kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by other ways or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of Oliver Cromwell, wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and man.

"The proclamation further promised, 'on the faith of a Christian King,' to the perpetrator and his heirs a reward of £500 a-year, for ever, and the honour of knighthood: and, 'if he is a soldier, the office of a Colonel, with such other honourable employment, as may render him capable of attaining to further preferment corresponding to his merit.'

"Copies of this infamous proclamation, which has been attributed, on excellent authority, to the ready pen of Sir Edward Hyde, were speedily, as I have said, and very largely, circulated; but solemn secrecy was at the same time preserved, and they were of course communicated to none but those from whom good faith, perhaps engagement in the purposed enterprise, was thought beyond question sure."

The projects of assassination were numerous, emanating from the Court of the exiled King; for it did not take a great amount of penetration to discover that, to strike a blow through the life of Cromwell, was a sure way to the heart of the Commonwealth, and a step to the restoration of the Stuarts.

One of the last struggles of the royalist party in this most amiable direction was about twelve months before the death of Oliver. There was not only to be an insurrection in England, but several regiments in Flanders, commanded by Englishmen, who were then assisting the Spaniards

against the French and Cromwell, were to have been suddenly transported over; and, to promote the rising at home, a very bold paper was most industriously distributed, entitled, "Killing no Murder." It was written by Colonel Titus, under the borrowed name of William Allen; but so good was the intelligence which his highness kept up, that he seized several of the conspirators, before they could get together, and published a proclamation for apprehending the others. Dr. Hewet and Sir Henry Slingsby were executed, and this conspiracy was crushed.

But many of our readers may be interested in reading the dedication of the celebrated pamphlet, called "Killing no Murder," and it may illustrate something of the character of the party at large among whom such a piece of composition could be tolerated and hailed.

"*To his Highness Oliver Cromwell.*

"May it please your Highness,

"How I have spent some hours of the leisure your highness hath been pleased to give me, this following paper will give your highness an account. How you will please to interpret it I cannot tell; but can, with confidence, say my intention in it is to procure your highness that justice no body yet does you, and to let the people see, the longer they defer it, the greater injury they do both themselves and you. To your highness justly belongs the honour of dying for the people; and it cannot choose but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life, to consider with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. 'Tis then only, my lord, the titles you now usurp will be truly yours; you will then be

indeed the deliverer of your country, and free it from a bondage little inferior to that from which Moses delivered his; you would then be the true reformer which you would now be thought; religion shall be then restored; liberty asserted; and parliaments have their privileges they have fought for; we shall then hope that other laws will have place beside those of the sword; and that justice shall be otherwise defined than the will and pleasure of the strongest; and we shall then hope that men will keep oaths again, and not have the necessity of being false and perfidious to preserve themselves, and be like their rulers.

"All this we hope from your highness's happy expiration, who are the true father of your country; for while you live we can call nothing ours; and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritance.

"Let this consideration arm and fortify your highness's mind against the fears of death, and the terrors of your evil conscience, that the good you will do by your death will somewhat balance the evil of your life. And if, in the black catalogue of high malefactors, few can be found that have lived more to the afflictions and disturbance of mankind than your highness hath done; yet your greatest enemies will not deny but that there are likewise as few that have expired more to the universal benefit of mankind than your highness is like to do.

"To hasten this great good is the chief end of my writing this paper; and if it have the effect I hope it will, your highness will quickly be out of the reach of men's malice, and your enemies will only be able to wound you in your memory, which strokes you will not feel.

"That your highness be speedily in this security is the universal wish of your grateful country. This

is the desire and the prayer of the good and the bad, and it may be, is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotions, and is our only common prayer. But amongst all that put in their requests and supplications for your deliverance from all earthly trouble, none is more assiduous or more fervent than he that, with the rest of the nation, hath the honour to be

"May it please your Highness,

"Your highness's present slave and vassal,

"W. A."

Cromwell had plenty to do with conspirators, and caballers. Harstib the friend of Milton, writing to Pell at Geneva, says: "Half an hour after my letter to Mr. Morland, I received the news of the parliament being dissolved. I durst not make another letter to signify the same, hoping also that some of the public persons would acquaint you with so sudden and great a matter; but believe it, it was of that necessity that, if their session had continued but two or three days longer, all had been in blood, both in city and country, upon Charles Stuart's account. An army of 20,000 might have appeared with an ugly petition, (for the re-establishing of Charles Stuart,) presuming they should find a party amongst them; whilst another army of 10,000 men was landing in England, by the jealousy (to say no worse) of our good neighbours. Besides, there was another petition set on foot in the city for a commonwealth, which would have gathered like a snowball; but by the resolute sudden dissolving of the parliament, both these dangerous designs were mercifully prevented."

The Protector made quick work of this mustering of rival opponents. Republican, royalist, fifth-

monarchy, and fanatic leaders of all sorts, were speedily lodged in the Tower. Yet how terrible was his position; suspected by his friends, thwarted by petty adversaries of all sorts, hemmed in by conspiracies which he only counteracted by the most astonishing tact, and the fidelity of able and trusty servants; and living in daily anticipation of the assassin's dagger: how infinitely preferable would have been the quiet woodside with its flocks of sheep! Yet even then Cromwell retained his magnanimity. The great heart could cope with all this malignant and perverse contradiction, and yet throb healthily as of old. The Marquis of Ormond, the Irish leader he had conquered before, came secretly to London while the parliament still sat, and lodging under close disguise in an obscure dwelling in Drury Lane, passed three weeks intriguing with parliamentary leaders, royalists, and republicans, for the restoration of Charles. Cromwell knew it all; but he could still be generous to an enemy, and sent Ormond's old friend, Broghill, to warn him that his plots were known. The Marquis returned with all conceivable haste to Charles at Bruges, and comforted him with the news that Cromwell had many enemies, but—that he was more than a match for them all.

Cromwell pursued a large hearted, thoughtful, catholic course; he was the only man of the time apparently who truly understood the principles of religious toleration, he desired to extend his benefits to all sects.

Willing to extend his tolerant principles to the *Jews*, the Protector about this time also appointed an assembly of men of various professions, divines, lawyers, and merchants, to take into consideration the expediency of permitting them to trade in England; leave for which had been supplicated by

Manasseth Ben Israel, one of their chief rabbis; but the general prejudices were as yet too strong against that people, to allow of their obtaining the liberty desired.

Indeed the Jews in every country where they were permitted to sojourn, appear to have heard of the fame and liberal principles of Cromwell; and even to have conceived strong hopes of the dawn, of an happier era for themselves, from the ascendancy of such a star over the political horizon of Europe. A remarkable instance of this was afforded in the arrival of a Jew in England, from a remote part of Asia, for the sole purpose of investigating Cromwell's pedigree: the sanguine Israelite expecting to find in him the *Lion of the tribe of Judah!*

But not one sect alone, and that a wealthy one, enjoyed the Protector's favour; the Unitarians also always a persecuted body, not less in our own day than then; these Cromwell attempted to save from the penalties of the law; John Biddle the Father of English Unitarians was protected by Oliver; he saved his life by sending him to Sicily, and allowed him a hundred crowns a year for his support.

CHAPTER XV.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

And here it may be seem fitting to devote a page or two to the mention more especialy of Blake, the terrible Sea-King of those days. His name has been recently again revived among us: he was born at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire; the son of a gentleman who had been a Spanish merchant. Blake, the future Admiral, was heartily attached to Puritan principles; he appears to have been moreover in politics a stout Republican, and in the first breaking out of the Civil War, he served the Parliament, against the King, by land; but it was soon discovered that upon the sea he was to play the most important part in the great strifes of his day. When Cromwell seized upon the supreme power in the realm, Blake was away from the country in active service. But he appears to have seen plainly the sphere in which he had to play his part: "It is not for us," said he, "to mind state affairs, but to keep the foreigners from fooling us," and his name became as terrible to the foes of England on the sea, as Cromwell's on the land. Numerous and rapid were his victories over Holland, and Spain, and Portugal. It is melancholy to linger over the achievements of warriors; but it is certainly a source of pride and triumph, to feel

how the victories of Blake contributed to the peace of the world ;—he swept the Mediterranean clear of pirates, and enabled the commerce of Europe and the world to perform its work in that day in silence, and quiet, and respect The Deys of Tunis, Algiers, and Tripoli were startled from the slumber of their despotism, as the noise of Blake's triumphant career rolled on their ears; and great must have been the astonishment of England, and especially that part of England contained in the city of London and Westminster, to behold thirty-eight waggon loads of silver rumbling over the stones of the old city, all taken by Blake from the King of Spain, at Santa Cruz, amidst "whirlwinds of fire and iron hail," beneath the shadow of the old Peak of Teneriffe. He had, before that, compelled the Dutch to do homage to England, as the Mistress of the Seas, defeating Van Tromp and De Ruyter. The Protector sent to him, after his last victory, a jewelled ring of the value of £500, and great would have been the acclamation greeting him on his return to his native land. But it was not decreed that he should stand upon her shores again. He returned homewards, and coveted a sight of Old England's shores once more, and once more he beheld them—and that was all. He expired as his fleet was entering Plymouth Sound, on the 27th August, 1657. A true model of a British sailor—he died poor. After all his triumphs and opportunities of accumulating wealth, he was not worth £500. A magnificent public funeral and a resting place in Henry the Seventh's Chapel was decreed for him; and there were few in the country who did not feel that his strength had been a mighty bulwark to the land.

Lord Clarendon, describing the actions of Blake against the Spaniards, justly notices that he was

the first who, in naval affairs, declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than had been imagined. "Despising those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ships and men out of danger, as if the principal art requisite in a naval captain had been to be sure to come safe home again, he was the first who brought ships to contemn castles on shore, which had ever before been thought formidable, and taught his men to fight in fire as well as upon water;" and adds his lordship, "though he has been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements." On the return of Charles II. the body of this distinguished naval hero was removed from the Abbey, and (by his Majesty's command) thrown, with many others, into *a pit* in St. Margaret's churchyard; where, said Wood, "it now remaineth, enjoying no other monument but what is reared by his valour, which time itself can hardly deface."—"Such," observes a later writer, "were the *politeness* and *humanity* introduced by the Restoration."

Bishop Burnet gives an anecdote, characteristic both of Cromwell and his countrymen, to the following purport, and the effect of which might be injured by being conveyed in any language but his own. "Blake, (the English Admiral) with the fleet, happened to be at Malaga, before he (Cromwell) made war upon Spain; and some of his seamen went on shore, and met the Host carried about; and not only paid no respect to it, but laughed at those that did. So one of the priests put the people on resenting this indignity: and they fell upon them, and beat them severely. When they returned to their ship, they complained of this usage: and upon

that, Blake sent a trumpet to the Viceroy, to demand the priest who was the chief instrument in that ill-usage. The Viceroy answered, he had no authority over the priest, and so could not dispose of him. Blake upon that sent him word, that he would not enquire who had the power to send the priest to him, but, if he were not sent within three hours, he would burn their town: and they, being in no condition to resist him, sent the priest to him, who justified himself upon the petulant behaviour of the seamen. Blake answered, that if he had sent a complaint to him of it, he would have punished them severely, since he would not suffer his men to affront the established religion of any place at which he touched: but he took it ill, that he set on the Spaniards to do it; for he would have all the world to know, that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman. So he treated the priest civilly, and sent him back, being satisfied that he had him at his mercy. Cromwell was much delighted with this, and read the letters in council with great satisfaction; and said, *he hoped he should make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE PROTECTOR.

At last, the day drew nigh for the cessation of the long life of toil; and we can believe that, on the whole, spite of all success, the great heart longed to cease its beatings. The words of Cromwell, in his last speech, are very touching:—

"I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this parliament a blessing: and the Lord be my witness, I desired the carrying on the affairs of the nation to these ends. The blessing which I mean, and which we ever climbed at, was mercy, truth, righteousness, and peace,—which I desired might be improved.

"That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in, was the petition and advice given me by you, who, in reference to the ancient constitution, did draw me to accept the place of Protector. There is not a man living can say I sought it: no, not a man nor woman treading upon English ground. But, contemplating the sad condition of these nations, relieved from an intestine war into a six or seven years' peace, I did think the nation happy therein! But to be petitioned thereunto, and advised by you to undertake such a government, a burden too heavy for any creature; and this to be done by the House that then had

the legislative capacity—certainly I did look that the same men who made the frame should make it good unto me! I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertaken such a government as this. But undertaking it by the advice and petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me, should make it good."

Carlyle exclaims, in reference to this, in one of his eloquent parenthesis :—

"Yes, it had been infinitely quieter, healthier, freer. But it is gone for ever: no woodsides now, and peaceful nibbling sheep, and great still thoughts; and glimpses of God 'in the cool of the evening, walking among the trees;' nothing but toil and trouble, double, double, till one's discharge arrive, and the eternal portals open! Nay, even there, by your woodside, you would not be happy; not you,—with thoughts going down to the death-kingdoms, and Heaven so near you on this hand, and Hell so near you on that. Nay, who would grudge a little temporary trouble, when he can do a large spell of eternal work,—work that is true, and will last for ever!"

The whole years of Cromwell's life, lately, had been years of anxiety and sorrow. His mother died only two or three years before him. That event is touchingly alluded to by Carlyle :—

"What a glimpse into the interior domesticities of the Protector's household have we in the following brief note! Amid the darkness and buzzard dimness, one light beam, clear, radiant, mournfully beautiful, like the gleam of a sudden star, disclosing for a moment many things to us. On Friday, Secretary Thurlow writes incidentally :—

'My Lord Protector's mother, of ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her death she gave my Lord her blessing in these words:—"The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of your Most High God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night!"' and therewith sank into her long sleep. Even so. Words of ours are but idle. Thou brave one, mother of a hero, farewell!—Ninety-four years old: the royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow, very credibly, were of small moment to her; at the sound of a musket she would often be afraid her son was shot; and could not be satisfied unless she saw him once a day at least. She, old, weak, wearied one, she cannot help him with his refractory Pedant parliaments, with his Anabaptist plotters, royalist assassins, and world-wide confusions; but she bids him, be strong, be comforted in God. And so—good night! And in the still eternities and Divine silences—Well, *are* they not divine?"

We have many opportunities of glancing into the inner life of Cromwell—his domestic ties and attachments, the funerals and the widowings of his little family-circle: and, although so pressed with the care, authority, and power, it is very easy to see, that he enjoyed the pleasures of Home with intensity and fervour,—his family ties appear to have been most precious to him; and, in such a man as we have before remarked, it is very beautiful to notice how all his circle appears to be bound together, and bound to him by the healthful and beautiful influence of love and domestic peace.

The event which most distressed the Protector, was the death of his daughter, Mrs. Claypole.

"His highness being at Hampton Court, sicken-

ed a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her decease was on Friday, 6th August, 1658, she having lain long under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and violent convulsion fits, brought her to her end. But as to his highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him, who indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender father; his affections, too, being regulated and bounded by such Christian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling up not only that relation of a father, but all other relations, wherein he was a most rare and singular example. And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely afflicted and dying daughter did break him down at this time, considering also, innumerable other considerations of sufferings and toils, which made me often wonder he was able to hold up so long; except, indeed, that he was borne up by a supernatural power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy to the truly Christian world, and to us of these nations, had we been worthy of him.

"The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us. 'At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly, being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that sickness which was to death, and in his bed chamber, he called for his Bible, and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others present, to read unto him that passage in Phil. iv. 11: "Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all

things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Which read, said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: "This scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son, poor Oliver, died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." And then repeating the words of the text himself, and reading the tenth and eleventh verses of Paul's contention and submission to the will of God in all conditions, said he, "It's true, Paul, you have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace, but what shall I do? Ah, poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!" But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, "*I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,*"—then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too." And so drew water out of the wells of salvation."

"His time was come," says his faithful groom of the bed-chamber, "and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life, and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way; besides many a secret sigh—secret and unheard of by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which—the hearts of God's people being thus mightily stirred up—did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea, some thoughts in himself that God would restore him."

"Prayers, public and private," adds Carlyle, in his own pungent style of comment, "they are worth

imagining to ourselves. Meetings of preachers, chaplains, and godly persons: Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others in an adjoining room in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart. For there were hearts to whom the nobleness of this man was known; and his worth to the Puritan cause was evident. Prayers—strange enough to us; in a dialect fallen obsolete, forgotten now. Authentic wrestlings of ancient human souls—who were alive then, with their affections, awe-struck pieties; with their human wishes, risen to be *transcendant*, hoping to prevail with the Inexorable. All swallowed now in the depths of dark time, which is full of such since the beginning!—Truly it is a great scene of world-history this, in old Whitehall; Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism; a great light, one of our few authentic solar luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of death. Like the setting of a great victorious summer sun, its course now finished. 'So dies a hero!' says Schiller. Sight worthy to be worshipped!' He died, this hero Oliver, in resignation to God, as the good have all done. 'We could not be more desirous he should abide,' says the pious Maidston, 'than he was content and willing to be gone.'

"Oliver, we find, spoke much of 'the Covenants,' which, indeed, are the grand axis of all, in that Puritan universe of his. Two covenants; one of works, with fearful judgment for our shortcomings therein, one of grace, with unspeakable mercy; gracious engagements, covenants which the eternal God has vouchsafed to make with this feeble creature man. Two—and by Christ's death they have become one—there for Oliver is the

divine solution of this our mystery of life.' 'They were two,' he was heard ejaculating. 'Two, but put into one before the foundation of the world!' And again: 'It is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The mediator of the covenant.' And again: 'The covenant is but one. Faith in the covenant is my only support, and, if I believe not, He abides faithful.' When his children and wife stood weeping round him, he said, 'Love not this world.' 'I say unto you it is not good that you should love this world!' No. 'Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon!' Yes, my brave one, even so. The covenant, and eternal soul of covenants, remains sure to all the faithful; deeper than the foundations of this world, earlier than they, and more lasting than they!

"Look also at the following; dark hues and bright; immortal light beams struggling amid the black vapours of death. Look, and conceive a great sacred scene, the sacredest this world sees—and think of it, do not speak of it in these mean days which have no sacred word. 'Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril?' moaned he once. Many hearts are praying, O wearied one! 'Man can do nothing,' rejoins he, 'God can do what he will.' Another time, again thinking of the covenant, 'Is there none that will come and praise God,' whose mercies endure for ever!

"Here also are ejaculations caught up at intervals, undated, in those final days: 'Lord, thou knowest, if I do desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works!' Once he was heard saying, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!' 'This was spoken three times,' says Maidston, 'his repetitions usually being very weighty, and with great vehemency of

spirit.' Thrice over he said this, looking into the eternal kingdoms. But again: 'All the promises of God are in *Him*, yea, and in Him amen; to the glory of God by *us*,—by us in Jesus Christ.'—'The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love, as my soul can hold.'—'I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God; or rather am beloved of God.'—'I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!'"

On the 30th of August, however, (having in the interim been removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall,) he had so far changed his sentiments, as to think it necessary to declare his eldest son Richard his successor in the Protectorate. And, on the evening before his departure, in the same doubtful temper of mind, though still greatly supported by his enthusiasm, he uttered the following prayer:—

"Lord, although I am a wretched and miserable creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace, and I may, I will, come unto thee for my people. Thou hast made me a mean instrument to do them some good, and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death. But, Lord, however thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those, who look too much upon thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too: and pardon the folly

of this short prayer, for Jesus Christ his sake, and give us a good night if it be thy pleasure."

Towards morning he showed much inward consolation and peace, and uttered many exceedingly self-abasing words, annihilating and judging himself before God. "It were too hard a task for any," says the Groom of the bedchamber, who assisted him, "especially for me, to reckon up all those graces, which did shine forth in him."

It is said by some writers, says D'Aubigne, that he once asked Dr. Goodwin, who attended at his bedside, whether a man could fall from grace? Which the Doctor answered in the negative, the Protector replied: "Then I am safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace." We have seen moments of doubt and fear trouble passingly the dying bed of the firmest and most pious Christians. It might therefore be possible that the light which shone in Cromwell's heart suffered a brief eclipse. Yet it is very remarkable that the faithful witness of the Protector's death, who has reported with such care all his words and all his prayers, does not make the slightest allusion to this conversation with Dr. Goodwin. It is, besides, in contradiction to all the discourses held by him on his deathbed, and still more so to the whole of his life. He was a Christian too far advanced, too well grounded and enlightened, to put a question like that which has been ascribed to him. To find within him the signs of a christian life, he required not to have recourse to the earlier period of his career. Each year of his life, and most especially the later ones, present us in profusion with no doubtful signs of his living Christianity, and of his adoption as a child of God. We are therefore inclined to question the authenticity of this anecdote.

It was the 3rd of September 1658, the anniversary of his famous battles of Dunbar and Worcester; a day always celebrated by rejoicings in honour of these important victories. When the sun rose, Oliver was speechless, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he expired. God shattered all his strength on this festival of his glory and his triumphs.

The sorrow of the Protector's friends and of the majority of the nation cannot be described. "The consternation and astonishment of all people," wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell, "are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. And if it was thus abroad, Your Lordship may imagine what it was in the family of His Highness and other near relations. My poor wife (Mary, Oliver's third daughter,) I know not what in the earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into passion, that tears her very heart in pieces; nor can I blame her, considering what she has lost. It fares little better with others. God, I trust, will sanctify this bitter cup to us all."—"I am not able to speak or write," said Thurloe; "this stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the Providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that has fallen, the time and season wherein God took him away, with other circumstances, I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord......It is not to be said what affliction the army and people show to his late Highness: his name is already precious. Never was there any man so prayed for."

"Hush! poor weeping Mary," says Carlyle, after reading the foregoing extract. "Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not

"The storm is changed into a calm
At his command and will;
So that the waves which raged before,
Now quiet are and still.

Then are they glad, because at rest,
And quiet now they be;
So to the haven he them brings,
Which they desired to see.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," "blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord," Amen, saith the Spirit—Amen! They do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

The following account of the funeral of the Protector from Carrington's "History of his Life and Death," has not often been re-printed, and may be curious here.

"The corpse of his late Highness having been embalmed, and wrapped up in a sheet of lead, was, on the six-and-twentieth of September, about ten of the clock at night, privately removed from Whitehall to Somerset House, being only attended by his own domestic officers and servants, as the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller of the Household, the gentlemen of the life guard, the guard of halberdiers, and divers other officers and servants: the two heralds of arms went next before the corpse, which was placed in a morning-hearse, drawn by six horses; in which manner it was carried to Somerset House, where it remained for some days in private, until things were in a readiness to expose it in state to a public view, which was performed with the following order and solemnity.

"The first room at Somerset House, where the spectators entered, was formerly the Presence-Chamber, compleatly hung with black; at the

upper end whereof was placed a cloth of state, with a chair of state under the same.

"The second large room was formerly the Privy-Chamber, hung with black, with a cloth and chair of state under the same.

"The third room was formerly the withdrawing-room hung with black cloth, and had a cloth and chair of state in it as the former: all which three large rooms were completely furnished with scutcheons of his highness's arms, crowned with the imperial crown; and at the head of each cloth of state, was fixed a large majestic scutcheon, fairly painted and gilt upon taffity.

"The fourth room, where both the corpse and the effigies did lie, was compleatly hung with black velvet, and the roof was ceiled with velvet, and a large canopy or cloth of state, of black velvet, fringed, was plated over the effigies, made to the life in wax. The effigies itself being apparalled in a rich suit of uncut velvet, robed in a little robe of purple velvet, laced with a rich gold lace, and furred with ermins; upon the kirtle was the royal large robe, of the like purple velvet, laced and furred with ermins, with rich strings and tassels of gold; the kirtle being girt with a rich embroidered belt, wherein was a fair sword, richly gilt and hatched with gold, hanging by the side of the effigies. In the right hand was the golden sceptre, representing *government;* in the left hand the globe, denoting *principality;* upon the head a purple velvet cap, furred with ermins, signifying *regality;* behind the head there was placed a rich chair of state, of tissued gold, and upon the cushion, which lay thereon, was placed an imperial crown, set with precious stones. The body of the effigies lay upon a bed of state, covered with a large pall of black velvet, under which there was spread a fine

Holland sheet, upon six stools of tissued cloth of gold: on the sides of the bed of state was placed a rich suit of compleat armour, representing his late highness's command as general: at the feet of the effigies stood his crest, according to the custom of ancient monuments.

"The bed of state, whereupon the effigies did thus lie, was ascended unto by two steps, covered with the aforesaid pall of velvet, the whole work being compassed about with rails and balusters covered with velvet; at each corner whereof there was placed an upright pillar, covered with velvet, upon the tops whereof were the four supporters of the imperial arms, bearing banners, or streamers, crowned. The pillars were adorned with trophies of military honour, carved and gilt; the pedestals of the pillars had shields and crowns, gilt, which completed the whole work. Within the rails and balusters stood eight silver candlesticks, or standarts, almost five foot high, with virgin wax tapers of three foot long: next unto the candlesticks there were set upright, in sockets, the four great standards of his highness's arms, the guydons, great banners, and banerolls of war, being all of taffity, very richly gilt and painted. The cloth of state, which covered the bed of state, and the effigies, had a majestic scutcheon, and the whole room was fully and completely adorned with taffity scutcheons: several of his late highness's gentlemen attending bareheaded, round about the bed of state, in mourning; and other of his highness's servants waiting in the other rooms, to give directions to the spectators, and to prevent disorders.

"After which, his late highness's effigies was several days shown in another room, standing upon an ascent, under a rich cloth of state, vested in royal robes, having a sceptre in one hand, and a

globe in the other, a crown on his head, his armour lying by him, at a distance, and the banners, banerolls, and standards, being placed round about him, together with the other ensigns of honour. The whole room, which was spacious, being adorned in a majestical manner, and several of his late highness's gentlemen attending about the effigies, bareheaded; in which manner the effigies continued until the solemnization of the funerals.

"On the three-and-twentieth day of November, in the morning, the time appointed for the solemnization of the funerals of his late highness, the several persons of honour and quality, which were invited to attend the interment, being come to Somerset-house, and all things being in readiness to proceed, the effigies of his late highness standing under a rich cloath of state, in the manner afore specified, was first shown to the company, and afterwards removed and placed on a hearse, richly adorned, and set forth with scutcheons, and other ornaments; the effigies itself being vested in royal robes, a sceptre in one hand, a globe in the other, and a crown on the head. After it had been a while thus placed in the middle of a room, it was carried on the hearse, by ten of his late highness's gentlemen, into the court-yard, where a very rich canopy of state was borne over it by six other of his late highness's gentlemen, till it was brought and placed on the chariot, at each end whereof was a seat, wherein sat two of his late highness's gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the one at the head and the other at the feet of the effigies. The pall, which was made of velvet and white linen, was very large, extending on each side of the carriage, and was borne up by several persons of honour thereunto appointed. The chariot wherein the effigies was conveyed, was covered with black velvet, adorned

with plumes and scutcheons, and was drawn by six horses, covered with black velvet, and each of them adorned with black plumes of feathers.

"From Somerset-house to Westminster the streets were railed in, and strawed with sand, the soldiers being placed on each side of the streets, without the rails, and their ensigns wrapped up in a cypress mourning veil.

"The manner of proceeding to the interment was briefly this:

"First, a Knight-Marshall advanced on horseback, with his black truncheon, tipt at both ends with gold, attended by his deputy, and thirteen men on horseback, to clear the way.

"After him followed the poor men of Westminster, in mourning gowns and hoods, marching two and two.

"Next unto them followed the servants of the several persons of all qualities, which attended the funeral.

"These were followed by all his late Highness's servants, as well inferior as superior, both within and without the household, as also all his Highness's bargemen and watermen.

"Next unto these followed the servants and officers belonging to the Lord-Mayor and Sheriffs of the City of London.

"Then came several gentlemen and attendants on the respective Ambassadors, and the other Public Ministers.

"After these came the poor Knights of Windsor, in gowns and hoods.

"Then followed the clerks, secretaries, and other officers, belonging to the Army, the Admiralty, the Treasury, the Navy, and the Exchequer.

"After these came the officers in command in the Fleet, as also the officers of the army.

"Next followed the Commissioners for Excise, those of the Army, and the Committee of the Navy.

"Then followed the Commissioners for the Approbation of the Preachers.

"Then came the officers, messengers, and clerks belonging to the Privy-Council, and the clerks of both Houses of Parliament.

"Next followed his late Highness's physicians.

"The head officers of the army.

"The chief officers and aldermen of the City of London.

"The masters of the Chancery, with his Highness's learned council at law.

"The Judges of the Admiralty, the Masters of Request, with the Judges in Wales.

"The Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges of both Benches, and the Lord-Mayor of London.

"Next to these the persons allied in blood to his late Highness, and the members of the Lord's House.

"After them the Public Ministers of Foreign States and Princes.

"Then the Holland Ambassador alone, whose train was borne up by four gentlemen.

"Next to him the Portugal Ambassador alone, whose train was held up by four knights of the order of Christ.

"And thirdly the French Ambassador, whose train was also held up by four persons of quality.

"Then followed the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

"The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

"The lords of his late Highness's most Honourable Privy-Council.

"After whom followed the chief mourner, and those persons of quality which were his assistants, and bare up his train. All the nobles were in close

mourning, the rest were but in ordinary, being disposed in their passage into several divisions, being distinguished by drums and trumpets, and by a standard or banner borne by a person of honour, and his assistant, and a horse of state covered with black velvet, and led by a person of honour, followed by two grooms: of which horses there were eleven in all, four covered with black cloth, and seven with velvet. These being all passed in order, at length the chariot followed with the effigies; on each side of which were borne six bannerrolls, twelve in all, by as many persons of honour. The several pieces of his late Highness's armour were borne by eight honourable persons, officers of the army, attended by a herald and a gentleman on each side. Next followed Garter, Principal, King of Arms, attended by a gentleman on each side bare-headed.

"Then came the chief mourner, together with those lords and noble personages that were supporters and assistants to the chief mourner.

"Then followed the horse of honour, in very rich trappings, embroidered upon crimson velvet, and adorned with white, red, and yellow plumes, and was led by the master of the horse.

"Finally, in the close of all, followed his late Highness's guard of halberdiers, and the warders of the Tower.

"The solemnity was managed with a great deal of state, from Somerset-house to Westminister; many thousands of people being spectators in the windows, and upon the scaffolds, all along the way as it passed.

"At the west gate of the abbey church, the hearse with the effigies thereon was taken off again from the chariot, by those ten gentlemen who placed it thereon before, and in their passing on to

carry it into the church, the canopy of state was by the former gentlemen borne over it again; in which stately manner it was carried up to the east end of the abbey, and there placed in that magnificent structure which was purposely erected there to receive it; where it is to remain for some time exposed to public view. The corpse having been some days before interred in Henry the seventh's chapel, in a vault purposely prepared for the same, over which a costly monument is preparing.

"Thus you have a brief relation of the last ceremonies of honour which were performed to the memory of his late Highness; who by his heroic acts had so well deserved, as that, my dull pen not able to express them, I shall remit the reader to censure my endeavours, and submit to those that shall hereafter undertake to present the world with a large chronicle."

In the first year of the Restoration, the body of Cromwell was torn from its grave.

This act of barbarous malignancy is known to have originated with the restored monarch, or his flatterers and immediate advisers. But even the two Houses of Parliament condescended to follow in the train of the court sycophants, and so far to colour the act of Charles, as to vote that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, should be taken up and exposed! The corpse of Cromwell's mother was also taken from Westminster Abbey, where it had been interred with much pomp, and thrown, with many more, into a hole in St. Margaret's church-yard: and the practice was continued upon the remains of many others, who had been eminent as republicans, or under the Protectoral government; the fame of the renowned Admiral Blake not sufficing, as before related, to preserve his mouldering frame, more than the rest, from

this offensive indignity. The strong expression of discontent that burst spontaneously from the people, could alone put a stop to acts of retaliation upon dead bodies so disgraceful to their perpetrators.

The following account is from a contemporary:—

Jan. 30. O. S. "The odious carcasses of O. Cromwell, H. Ireton, and J. Bradshaw, drawn upon sledges to Tyburn; and, being pulled out of their coffins, there hanged at the several angles of that triple tree till sunset. Then taken down, beheaded, and their loathsome truncks thrown into a deep hole under the gallowes. Their heads were afterwards set upon poles on the top of Westminster-hall."—Gesta Britannorum: at the end of Wharton's Almanack for 1663.

The mason's receipt for taking up the bodies, as copied from the original by Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, Secretary to the Royal Society.—"May the 4th day, 1661, Recd then in full of the Worshipful Sergeant[l] Norfolke, fiveteen shillinges, for taking up the corpes of Cromell, and Ireton, and Brasaw.

Rec. by mee John Lewis."

When the coffin of Cromwell was broken into, a leaden canister was found lying on his breast, and within it a copper-plate, gilt, with the arms of England, impaling those of Cromwell, on one side, and on the other the following inscription:

Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, Natus 25o Aprilis Anno 1599o, Inauguratus 16o Decembris 1653, Mortuus 3o Septembris Anno 1658o, hic situs est.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME OF THE DESCENDANTS AND FAMILY OF CROMWELL.

Among the various Biographies of the great Protector, we have seen but few, containing any mention of his descendants. In posterity, the sire lives again; and still more remarkably, when a generation or two have passed away: and still more remarkably, in the daughter frequently does the sire re-appear than in the son. This will be seen to be remarkably the case with regard to the descendants of Cromwell. The character of Richard was probably weak; but he has not been appreciated at his proper value. Certainly he was unfit for a King. He appears to have inherited his mother's gentleness, but none of his father's power. Quiet and unambitious, wholly unfitted to wrestle with the plotters and counter-plotters of his time, he had the wisdom to descend from his lofty station, to the tranquillity and silence of private life. But, on the contrary, the grand-daughter of Oliver, Mrs. Bendysh, would have swayed the destinies of England, like a very Queen Bess. Her mind wonderfully transcended her station.—Formed in the very mould of her great ancestor, the accounts given to us, of her, shew in many points a striking resemblance, though we may doubt whether she was very well known, even by

those who lived with her, and have attempted so to describe her.

Proceeding in order, we first find RICHARD CROMWELL, says Thomas Cromwell the Biographer, "the third, but eldest surviving son of the Protector Oliver, was born at Huntingdon, October 4, 1629; educated at Felsted, in Essex; and admitted of the society of Lincoln's-inn, May 27, 1647, (Mr., afterwards Secretary) Thurlow becoming one of his securities. From his earliest years, he seems to have been of a mild and gentle disposition; and, as he grew up, his chief failing was observed to be a too great attachment to inaction and pleasure—a failing for which he was frequently reproved by his father, as is seen in several of his father's letters. Soon after the death of Charles I., the rising greatness of the Lord-General Cromwell procured for his son Richard a very desirable match with Dorothy, eldest daughter of Richard Major, of Hursley, Hants, Esq., a lady with whom he obtained a very considerable fortune. On his marriage, he became a resident at Hursley; and was distinguished only as the complete country gentleman, devoted entirely to his wife, and to his horses, hounds, hawks, &c., at the same time retaining so much of his turn for imprudent expenses, as to become involved in debts, respecting which, a letter of his father's may be inserted here.

"DEERE BROTHER,

"I was glad to receave a letter from you. for indeed any thinge that comes from you is very welcome to mee. I believe your expectation of my sonn's coming is deferred. I wish hee may see a happie deliverye of his wife first, for whom I frequently pray.

"I heere my sonn hath exceeded his allowance

and is in debt; truly I cannot comend him therein, wisdom requiringe his livinge within compasse, and calling for it at his handes; and in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speake well of him that does ill. I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himselfe in them, nor is any matter of charge like to fall to my share a stick with mee. Truly I can finde in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency, but more, for his good; but if pleasure and self-satisfaction bee made the businesse of a man's life, soe much cost layd out upon it, soe much time spent in itt, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before his saints, I scruple to feed this humor, and God forbid that his being my sonn should be his allowance to live not pleasinglye to our heavenly Father, whoe hath raised me out of the dust to what I am. I desier your faithfulness (hee being alsoe your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life, and to search his statutes for a rule to conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable to walke therein. This hath life in itt, and will come to samewhat; what is a poore creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures, but teach such an use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going alonge with itt. Sr. I write what is in my heart; I pray you comunicate my minde herein to my sonn, and be his remembrancer in theise thinges. Truly I love him, hee is deere to me, soe is his wife, and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor incoragement from mee, so far as I may afford itt; but indeed I cannot thinke I doe well to feede a

voluptuous humour in my sonn, if he should make pleasures the business of his life, in a time when some precious saincts are bleeding and breathinge out their last for the good and safetye of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Urijah to David, 2d Chron. xi. 11.

"Sr. I beseech you believe I heere say not this to save my purse, for I shall willinglye do what is convenient to satisfie his occasions as I have opportunitye; but as I pray hee may not walke in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so think itt lyeth upon me to give him (in love) the best councell I may, and know not how better to conveigh it to him then by soe good a hand as yours.

"Sr. I pray you acquaint him with theise thoughts of mine, and remember my love to my daughter, for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thinge. I pray for her happie deliverance frequently and earnestly.

"I am sorrie to heere my baylye in Hantsheire should doe to my sonn as is intimated by your letter. I assure you I shall not allowe such thinge. If there bee any suspition of his abuse of the woode, I desier it may be looked after and inquired into, that soe if thinges appear true he may bee removed; although, indeed, I must needs say he had the repute of a good man by diverse that knew him, when I placed him there.

"Your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

In this comparatively happy retirement he lived for some time; but, upon his father's advancement to the Protectorate, he was made First Lord of Trade and Navigation, November 11, 1665; and in August, 1656, he was returned one of the members for Hants.

"In August, 1657, he had a narrow escape from being crushed to death, by the giving way of the stairs of the Banquetting-House, when the members of parliament were going to pay their respects to Oliver: he had some of his bones broken by the accident; but youth, and a good constitution, soon enabled him to get the better of it.

"The Protector having resigned the Chancellorship of Oxford, July 3, 1657, the University of that place elected Richard his successor on the 18th of the same month: he was installed *at Whitehall*, on the 29th following; and, to do him yet more honour, he was at the same time created a Master of Arts, in a Convocation of Doctors and Masters of the University, assembled at the palace for that purpose. Soon after, he was sworn a Privy councillor, made a colonel in the army, set at the head of the new-made House of Lords, and entitled 'The Right Honourable the Lord Richard, eldest son of His Serene Highness the Lord Protector.'

"In these steps, Oliver probably went as far as he durst toward declaring Richard his successor in the Protectorate; all the leading men among the Republicans, with whom he was surrounded, being extremely averse to seeing the office made hereditary, and several of them no doubt secretly expecting, on the death of the then Protector, to succeed to it themselves.

Upon his father's demise, notwithstanding, as if the respect excited by that great man, while living, necessarily invested his representative with all his honours upon his dissolution. Richard, it has been remarked, succeeded to them as tranquilly, and with as little opposition, as though he had been the descendant of a long line of sovereigns. But,

according to Bishop Burnet, 'he had neither genius, nor friends, nor treasure, nor army, to support him on the elevation to which he was raised. His capacity, however, does not seem to have been so limited as might be inferred from the bishop's remark. Constitutional indolence, and dispositions all centred in domestic or private life, were probably the chief sources of his unfitness to maintain an *usurped* sovereignty. But true it is, that both friends and family connections forsook him, in pursuance of their ambitious views to self-aggrandisement; that the coffers of his late father had been emptied by the extraordinary expenses of his government; and that the army was but little devoted to a man who had shown no talents for military command, and who had not even been brought up to the military profession. His reign lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days.

Fleetwood, who had married his sister, and Desborough, who married his aunt, together with Lambert—all grandees in the army—were the chief agents of his fall. By permitting these men, under his express sanction, to hold a *military council*, the deliberations at which could hardly be expected to bode him good, he manifested either little consideration, or great weakness: but his conduct, in appearing in person at this council, when the danger had been represented to him, and mildly yet peremptorily dissolving it, was at least an equal instance of cool courage and resolution. But, since Ludlow describes the power and influence of the times to have been divided amongst three parties, viz. the commonwealth, or republican; the army party, of which Fleetwood at the head; and Richard Cromwell's own;—and that all were of corresponding strength;—it is plain that nothing short of individual strength in the new Protector, suf-

ficient to outweigh at least one of the other two, could support him in the career of his government. Of such strength, he certainly was not possessed: yet justice requires the observation, that had not his incapacity for violence and crime been in a great degree the cause of his incapacity for sustaining an illegal authority it must be extremely problematical whether his general abilities would not have proved competent to the task of retaining, though they never would have been to that of personally procuring, the dignity to which by his father's genius he had been elevated. But he was virtuously, and perhaps greatly, unwilling that a single drop of blood should be spilt to preserve him on a throne, upon which he had never been very ambitious to be seated.

Few occurrences, during his short administration, are to be found in any author, that relate to himself. The principal one perhaps is, that once taking his favourite diversion of hawking, he, through eagerness in the sport, outrode his retinue: when his horse, becoming restive, threw him into a ditch; from whence being extricated by a countryman before his guards could come up, this, it is said, was the only time the good humoured sovereign was ever displeased with his attendants.

The restored Long Parliamant, or rather that portion of it nicknamed the *Rump*, had agreed to pay Richard's debts, and to provide handsomely for himself, and the other branches of his family; but, Charles II. being reinstated in the government before these provisions could take effect, he departed for the continent, from Hursley, (where he had resided since his abdication, partly from some apprehension of the King, but still more from fear of his creditors. And yet, the major part of his debts, such as that incurred by his father's

magnificent funeral, &c. were the state's rather than his own.

He resided abroad until about 1680; but where his various peregrinations led him until that period, is not with any degree of certainty, and it were but little worth while to array opposite accounts on a subject not very material. On his return to his own country, he appears to have assumed the name of Clark, and to have resided at Serjeant (afterwards Chief Baron) Pengelly's house at Cheshunt: to the end of his life courting privacy and retirement, and cautiously avoided so much as the mention of his former elevation, even to his most intimate acquaintance. Dr. Watts, who was frequently with him, would observe, that he never knew him glance at his former station but once, and then in a very distant manner.

Sincere piety, and the practice of every humble and domestic virtue, did not, as they deserved, procure him uninterrupted peace during the remainder of his days; for, though he outlived all public enmity, he was subjected to much inquietude, and even to the necessity of a suit at law, by the behaviour of his daughters relative to the family property. But the particulars of this unbecoming conduct in these ladies have been too obscurely related, for their authenticity (as to such particulars at least) to be greatly depended upon. He enjoyed a good state of health to the last, and was so hale and hearty, that at fourscore he would gallop his horse for several miles together. In his last illness, and just before his departure, he said to his daughters, 'live in love; I am going to the God of love.' He died July 13, 1712, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, at Cheshunt; but was buried, with some pomp, in the chancel of Hursley Church, Hampshire, near his deceased lady. He had two

sons; one of whom died an infant, the other unmarried: and the eldest branch of the protectorate family failed in Elizabeth, the eldest of his surviving daughters.

The subjoined additions to this section may interest:—

Richard Cromwell to the restored Long Parliament: his submission upon abdicating the Protectorate.

"I trust my carriage and behaviour have manifested my acquiescence in the will and good pleasure of God, and that I love and value the commonwealth much above my private concernment; desiring by this, that a measure of my future deportment might be taken; which, by the blessing of God, shall be such as I shall bear the same witness; I having, I hope, in some degree learned to reverence and submit to the hand of God, than to be unquiet under it: that, as to the late providence that has fallen out, however, in respect to the particular engagement that lay upon me, I could not be active in making a change in the government of the nations, yet through the goodness of God, I can freely acquiesce in it being made: and do hold myself obliged, as with other men I might expect protection from the present government, so to demean myself with all peaceableness under it, and to procure, to the uttermost of my power, that all in whom I have an interest should do the same."

Richard Cromwell to the University of Oxford; resigning the Chancellership.

"Gentlemen,

"I shall always retain a hearty sense of my obligations to you, in your free election of me to the office of your chancellor; and it is no small trouble to my thoughts, when I consider how little

serviceable I have been to you in that relation. But, since the all-wise providence of God, which I desire always to adore, and bow down unto, has been pleased to change my condition, that I am not in a capacity to answer the ends of the office, I do, therefore, most freely resign, and give up all my right and interest therein, but shall always retain my affection and esteem for you, with my prayers for your continual prosperity; that, amidst the many examples of the instability and revolutions of human affairs you may still abide flourishing and fruitful.

Gentlemen,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Hursley, RICH. CROMWELL."

May 8, 1660.

Henry Cromwell, the fourth (but second and youngest surviving) son of the Protector Oliver, was born at Huntingdon, January 20, 1627; and his education, like that of his brother Richard, was completed at Felsted school, Essex.

His father took him into the army at the age of twenty; procuring him the situation of captain of General Sir Thomas Fairfax's life-guard. Two years afterward, having been promoted to a colonelcy, he accompanied Cromwell to Ireland, and there greatly distinguished himself. He was one of the members for Ireland in the Little, or *Barebone's* Parliament, assembled in 1653: and in the same year he was again sent to that island, to take cognizance of its state, to discover the temper of the people, and to reconcile the minds of the disaffected to his father's government; an arduous task, but one which he performed to admiration. He found that the then ruling powers (as, until a wiser policy prevailed, was invariably the case in

that country) had taken the most ample care of themselves, and very little, republicans as they were, of the people; and that, however they were themselves in love with their places, and with their arbitrarily exercised authority, it would be greatly for the general good to remove them. Soon after his return from Ireland, he married a lady of the name of Russel, daughter of Sir Francis Russel, Bart.: after which, he chiefly resided at Whitehall, until appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1657. On this occasion, great caution and secrecy were observed by him, for a time, toward the Republicans; but when he at length found, that boldly to proclaim the authority with which he was invested, would best curb their insolent and overbearing spirit, he produced his father's commission, to the seeming satisfaction, but real confusion, it is probable, of Fleetwood, whom he displaced. But here, no common difficulties beset him: for the officers of the army had been so long used to oppress the natives, and to advance their own fortunes—they had been so little intent upon anything but obtaining the confiscated estates of the rebels, and those who had been compelled in their own defence to become such—that they were far from approving the government of one, who, they had good reasons to think, would put a speedy stop to their excesses: they besides knew that he did not regard their political sentiments in the best light; but in moderation and condescension, wished to unite the whole kingdom, by conciliating the affections of all parties. They therefore had the hardihood to petition the Protector, to restore their old chief governor, Fleetwood; whose less enlarged notions, and limited understanding, had been more easily made subservient to their purposes. But Henry, by the wisdom and equity of his adminis-

tration, was already regarded by the Irish as a blessing: a counter petition to the Protector was therefore prepared, beseeching him that he might be continued in his office: and indeed the nation was ruled with such skill by him, as speedily to become, of all the British dominions, that most satisfied with the Cromwellian reign.

Still, his situation, amidst the clamours of opposed religious sects and political factions, was most distressing: and, to add to his misfortunes, his father, notwithstanding Henry's very superior abilities and undoubted integrity, never treated him with the confidence and affection he lavished upon Richard, his elder son; of which several proofs occur in the letters given in Thurloe's State Papers. Upon Richard's accession to the Protectorate, Henry procured him to be proclaimed in Ireland; and that, as he observed, with at least as much joy as in any place in England. This event was made the occasion of renewing his commission, with the title of Lord-Lieutenant; but with powers so cramped, owing to the influence of those who surrounded his brother's person, that he became more than ever disposed to relinquish an employment, to which was attached all the responsibility of office with so little of its authority: and, in a letter to Secretary Thurloe, written at this period, he earnestly requests that he may be permitted to return to England, though 'for ever so short a time.' This, however, the republicans, who were playing their own game, and feared that if he were present he would prematurely penetrate it, used their utmost arts to prevent. Nay, they went farther, they endeavoured to asperse his character; an affront he highly resented, and thus in a letter to the new Protector, expressed his sense of it: 'I find (said he) that my enemies have

sentenced me to an honourable banishment; I am not conscious of any crime which might deserve it; but if they can denounce judgment on my innocence, they will easily be able to make me criminal: they have already begot a doubt among my friends whether all be right; *but I will rather submit to any sufferings, with a good name, than be the greatest man upon earth without it.*' No words could better paint his situation, and the rectitude of his mind: finding, however, that he was not to be allowed to leave Ireland, he waited the result of the various intrigues that were carrying on, not ceasing to give his brother the best advice; more particularly cautioning him against the movements of the army, who he rightly suspected, were meditating mischief.

Richard being displaced, Henry's return was commanded by the Parliament, who had voted that the government of Ireland should be by commissioners nominated by them, and not by a single person. Greatly to his honour, when so many of the officers, and inferior civil magistrates, had created large fortunes in the island, he had not wherewithal to enable him to quit his station, till the Parliament, to give him no excuse to remain in a kingdom, where by his virtuous administration he had procured so many friends, and the blessings of the whole body of the people, closed with the proposal of now all-powerful Fleetwood, who had sufficient generosity, or who might be influenced by some less noble motive, to represent to the House the pecuniary difficulties of his brother-in-law, and to request that the sum of twenty thousand pounds should be paid to him. 'All historians,' observes Rapin, 'are unanimous in his praises; and generally believe, that if *he* had been Protector, instead of his elder brother, the officers

would have met with their match, or not attempted what they undertook against Richard.'

Upon his arrival in England, having previously given in a sensible and manly resignation of his government to the Parliament, he retired into the country, and sat a patient spectator of the many revolutions that presented themselves; happy in escaping from a situation, which, though glittering, had never afforded him the slightest real satisfaction. After the disorders he now witnessed, the restoration of legitimate monarchy proved far from unacceptable to him; and not being excepted, any more than his brother Richard, from the operation of the act of pardon and oblivion, he wrote a letter to Lord Chancellor Hyde, expressing himself a sincere and grateful friend to his Majesty's person and government. After residing at Chippenham, with his father and brother-in-law, Sir Francis and Sir John Russel, for five or six years, he removed to his estate at Spinney-abbey, near Soham, in Cambridgeshire; and here 'he spent the remainder of his days, descending from the toilsome grandeur of governing men, to the more humble and happy occupation of husbandry.' He died, March 23, 1674, at the age of forty-seven, and was buried at Wicken Church, close to the remains of his mother: an inscription on black marble, simply recording his name, place of residence, and the above dates, was placed over him. Among the numerous testimonies to his merit, that of his father, Oliver, (who here cannot be suspected of partiality,) that 'he was a governor, from whom he himself might learn,' deserves particular observation. Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, in a letter to him, says: 'you may have many who love his Highness' sonne, but I love Henry Cromwell, were he naked,

without all those glorious additions and titles, which, however, I pray may continue and be encreased on you.' And another has said, that 'he was truly a great man, and might pass for a great man in those days.' It is worthy remark, that though his piety was always manifested both in his language and actions, yet that it was without any of the puritanic affectation of his times, and that he died in communion with the Church of England.

MRS. BENDYSH.

This lady, the only female of the Protectorate house of whom the limits of our work will allow particular mention, was the grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and daughter of his son-in-law Ireton, by his marriage with Bridget, eldest daughter of the Protector. From various descriptions that have been preserved of her, she appears to have been another Cromwell in petticoats. That given in 1719, and which attracted great attention at the time, by Mr. Say, a dissenting minister, on occasion of Lord Clarendon's concluding words to his description of Oliver—that 'he will be looked upon, by posterity, as a brave wicked man'—is curious, and as follows:

'The character of Oliver seems to be made up of so many inconsistencies, that I do not think any person who was not personally and thoroughly acquainted with him, or at least with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendysh, capable of drawing it justly. She was the daughter of his son-in-law, Ireton: and a lady, who, as she exactly resembles the best picture of Oliver I have ever seen, (in the possession of Sir Robert Rich), so she seems also exactly to resemble him in the cast of her

mind. A person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry, and with something in her countenance and manner that at once attracts and commands respect the moment she appears in company; accustomed to turn her hands to the meanest offices, and even drudgeries, of life;* among her workmen from the earliest morning to the decline of day, insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in a habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character nor sex; and then, immediately after having eaten and drank almost to excess, of whatever is before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it with new life and vigour; to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances, or the remains of better times, will allow her; and, about the close of evening, to ride in her chaise, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port,† and there shine in conversation, and receive place and precedence in all company, as a lady who once expected at this time to have been one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business, or charity, and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address; appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor, and the miserable in any kind, in whose cause she will receive no denial from the great and rich, rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded by those who know her best, as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity. And yet, possessed of

* In some Salt-works.

† Yarmouth.

all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary rate, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty,*(I am tempted to say); who never broke a promise in her life, and yet on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her.

"Of great and most fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-christians, and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety, or cruelty, of which she is not capable. Fawning, suspicious, and jealous, without end, of all her servants, and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power; affecting all mankind equally, and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the services their necessities and miseries demand from her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

"Such are the extravagancies which have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns for a course of many years acquaintance and intimacy; and yet, after all these blemishes and vices, which I must freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greatest injury, who should say she was a *great wicked woman;* for all that is great and good in her, seems to be owing to a true magnanimity of spirit, and a sincere desire to serve the interest of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwise, to wrong principles, early and strongly imbibed by a temperament of body (shall I call it), or a turn of mind, to the last degree enthusiastic and visionary," &c. &c.

Mr. Say's character of Mrs. Bendysh, Mr.

Hewling Luson observed (in a letter to Dr. Brooke, dated Norwich, April 28, 1773), 'is perfectly just. In my opinion, it is well drawn, and exhibits a striking likeness.' Mr. Luson himself added some interesting features to the portrait.

"Mrs. Bendysh," said Mr. Luson, "resembled the Protector in nothing more than in that restless, unabated activity of spirit, which, by the coincidence of a thousand favourable circumstances, conducted him to the summit of power and of fame, and entangled her, generally, unfavoured by success, in a thousand embarrassments and disgraces; yet she never fainted or wearied;—'one prospect lost, another still she gained;'—and the enthusiasm of her faith kept pace with, or, to speak more truly, far outran the activity of her mind.

"Mrs. Bendysh had, however, one constant, never-failing resource against the vexation of disappointments; for, as she determined, at all events, to 'serve the Lord with gladness,' her way was to rejoice at every thing as it arrived. If she succeeded, she was thankful for that; and, if she suffered adversity, which was generally her lot, she was vastly more thankful for that; and she so managed, that her spiritual joy always increased with her outward sufferings. Happy delirium of pious enthusiasm!

"But Mrs. Bendysh's enthusiasm never carried her to greater lengths of extravagance than in the justification of her grandfather, of whose memory she was passionately fond. * * * She valued him, no doubt, very highly, as a general and politician; but she had got it fixed in her head, that this kind of fame was vain and worthless, when compared with the gracious glory of Oliver's saintship. 'A chosen vessel' he was; 'a regenerate child of God, divinely inspired;' and much more

jargon of this sort. * * * Her friends gave way to her whims, or laughed them off: but when her faith in Oliver was gravely contested by stangers, great and fearful was her wrath. * * * It happened that, in a stage-coach, where she was not personally known, Mrs. Bendysh fell into a violent dispute in behalf of the Protector; the opponent was as hot and as violent as the lady; and if, towards the end of the stage, their anger subsided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words, to keep it up, but for want of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach, and had taken some refreshment, the old lady very calmly and respectfully desired to speak apart with the gentleman who had been the opponent in the dispute. When she had him alone, she told him, with great composure, 'he had, in the grossest manner, belied and abused the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, that flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities cast on his memory in her presence; that she could not handle a sword, but she could fire a pistol as well as he, and that she demanded immediate satisfaction to the injured honour of her family.' The gentleman was exceedingly amazed at the oddness of this address; but, as he happened to carry about him good sense enough to teach him how to act upon the spot, he immediately told her, 'there were many great qualities in Oliver, which he honoured as much as she could; that if he had known, or suspected, her relationship to him, he would not have said a word on the subject to give her offence, and that he sincerely asked her pardon.' This submission completely satisfied her; and they finished their journey with much pleasure and good humour; but

Saint Oliver was not again brought on the tapis. The truth of this story I never heard questioned.

"As the whole of Mrs. Bendysh's personal economy was out of the common form, her hours of visiting went generally out of the common season. She would frequently come and visit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in those sober times, were considered by her friends as highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded, gave her a license in this and many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty; and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion; but I do not remember that she was ever disgracefully exposed by it.

"There was an old mare, which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. Bendysh's adventures during many years. The old mare and her manœvres, were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted; but, towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaise, in which Mrs. Bendysh often seated herself. She would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits. 'God,' she said, 'was her guard, and she would have no other.' At about one in the morning, she used to put herself on the top of the mare, or into the chaise, and set off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. Bendysh began to sing a psalm, or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not a very harmonious key. This I have often heard; and thus the two souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged

on the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home."

Mrs. Bendysh married Thomas Bendysh, of Gray's-Inn, Middlesex, and of Southtown, in Sussex, Esq.; but at her death, in 1727-8, she had survived her husband twenty years. Being left in her widowhood with an income not exceeding two or three hundred pounds a year, may account for her speculations in the salt works; and she engaged also in other projects, such as grazing cattle, &c., by which, it is said, she was much oftener a loser than a gainer.

MALE DESCENDANTS OF HENRY CROMWELL, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Henry Cromwell had five sons and two daughters; but of these, Henry Cromwell alone, his second son, born in 1658, continued the name in the Protectorate family. After his elder brother's death, he succeeded him in the estate at Spinney-abbey; but this estate he afterward disposed of, and entered the army. By the interest of the Duke of Ormond, (who had many obligations both to his father and grandfather), he became a major of foot; and, probably, would have obtained farther promotion, had he not been cut off by a fever whilst serving under Lord Galway in Spain. His death took place in 1711. Of his eight sons, two only had issue; Richard and Thomas. Richard, born May 11, 1695, was bred to the law, and became an eminent attorney-at-law and solicitor in Chancery. He resided in Bartlett's-Buildings, London; and had two sons, the elder of whom died unmarried, and the younger an infant.—Thomas, seventh son of Major Henry Cromwell,

and grandson of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was born August 19, 1699, and was a *Grocer* on Snow Hill, London; but "his virtues deserved a more elevated employment." He married twice; and had five sons by these marriages; of whom Oliver, the third, and his son Oliver, were, when Noble wrote, by him truly stated to be "the only male descendants of the Protector Oliver." The former gentleman, lately resident at Cheshunt, Herts, was author of the "Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell," occasionally alluded to in this volume. He was many years a respectable solicitor in Essex Street, Strand; and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark. He died May 31, 1821, at the age of 79. His son Oliver, together with another son, died young: but a daughter of the late Mr. Cromwell (Elizabeth-Olivera) married to Thomas Artemidorus Russel, Esq., continues to reside at Cheshunt. Mr. C—— having been deprived by death of his two sons, was still naturally disposed to wish that the name of his great ancestor should not expire with him; and for that purpose, the writer has been given to understand, made application in latter years, in the usual quarter, for permission that his son-in-law should bear the sirname of Cromwell; when, to his astonishment, no doubt, (considering that such requests, upon payment of the customary fees, are commonly granted as matter of course,) the permission was, by the *liberal enlightened* official personages applied to, refused!

Thus, as Noble aptly, and even beautifully, and with a compliment to the remaining branches of the family, remarked,—"The Protectorate house of Cromwell may not be improperly represented as a river, which, taking its rise in the mountains of Wales, continued long in that principality, (as

the Williams family); when, gently gliding down the hills of Glamorganshire, and meandering through various counties, it arrived at the imperial Thames; where, having gained great strength, and enlarged its bounds, (by intermarriage with the family of Cromwell, Earl of Essex), it changed its ancient name, and, turning its course north-east, rolled on to Huntingdonshire; where it loitered a considerable time, and divided itself into various branches. One of the least suddenly bursting its banks, swelled itself into a tremendous river; which not only swallowed up the main stream, but at length overflowed three nations; and, by its rapidity, and dreadful violence, spread terror throughout the globe: when it as silently, as suddenly, returned to far less than its original limits; leaving, however, many noble branches behind it. Ever since, it has softly murmured on towards the south; where, instead of its former boundless current, it is now only admirable for the clearness and goodness of its stream.'

It will not be uninteresting to notice the variations of opinion in reference to the Protector,—this is not the place to give an entire summary of all that the leading writers of all ages since have said, but we may notice some,—and truly upon no single character has there ever been poured criticism so widely different—from the foulest abuse to the most exalted eulogy.

Hume, whose History has been so universally followed, but whose frequent prejudices, and frequently wilful ignorance—not so say dishonesty, make him so incompetent as a historical guide, has entertained his readers with the following wise and discriminating observations: — Cromwell "was never in speaking listened to with attention, and was indeed incapable of of expressing himself but in a manner which a peasant of the most ordinary

capacity would justly be ashamed of." The historian goes on to observe, "the great defect of Oliver's speeches consists, not in his want of elocution but in his want of ideas. The sagacity of his actions and the absurdity of his discourse, form the most prodigious contrast that ever was known. The collection of all his speeches, letters, sermons (for he also wrote sermons,) would make a great curiosity, and, with a few exceptions, might justly pass for one of the most nonsensical books in the world." And now we have seen a collection, made by one of the first writers of the age, and men of taste and sense have not thought them nonsensical. The other points of interest in this criticism are—that Cromwell wanted ideas! and that he wrote sermons! Notable discoveries these. It does not appear likely that a simple farmer should rise to be the most powerful prince of his age, without the first; and for the last, it may safely be doubted, how much time our Protector had to devote to the composition of his discourses. But whenever did a Sceptic understand an Enthusiast?

Dr. Vaughan, who has done most eminent service to the cause of truth and the veracity of history in the analysis of Cromwell's character, and was the first in the field, says:—

"When Cromwell assumed the functions of lord-protector, we think he did wisely, and we think his wisdom failed him when he hesitated to exchange the title of Protector for that of King. If our readers will favour us with a slight degree of attention, we think we can make it appear that we have not spoken with this freedom unadvisedly. In dismissing the Rump Parliament, the reason assigned was, that a better might be convened. But the principle or basis on which this better authority might be called into existence was the

difficulty. The one idea of Ludlow—a man of a cold nature and narrow views—was, 'that the nation should be governed by its own consent.' To which, as Ludlow himself informs us, Cromwell replied, 'I am as much for government by consent as any man, but where shall we find that consent? Amongst the prelatical, presbyterian, independent, anabaptist, or levelling parties?' Yes—Lieutenant General Ludlow, there is the rub. It is admitted that you can fight for your one bookish technical notion of government by consent, but can you deal with the complex practical conception which this grandee personage, as you are sometimes pleased to call him, has now submitted to you? No—that is no part of your mission.

"The substance of Cromwell's argument with such people was—Bear in mind, my good malcontent brother, that if the independent and republican parties are now the victors, the prelatical and presbyterian parties are still the majority of the nation; and that one of the first acts of a parliament returned by that majority would be, to recall the exiled Stuarts, and then to dispose of our Lieut.-General Ludlows, and of many more such gentlemen, as expediency may demand! You, my worthy theorising friend, may employ yourself in spinning the hemp which shall serve as a halter for your own neck, but for my part, I hope to give myself to better occupation. If the question is to be decided by mere numbers, the powers of government should at once pass to the prelatists and presbyterians; and the struggle, in future, be reduced to some paltry adjustment between those two parties. But if it is to be decided by the comparative strength of principles in these lands—by the amount of mind, energy, and self-sacrifice which principles have been found to rally about them in the history

of these nations during the last twenty years, then it is no less clear that the government should be in the hands of the men who now hold it—men who are resolved on possessing civil and religious liberty for themselves, and who are ready to extend that liberty to others, in the degree in which they find men willing to receive it, and prepared to make a just use of it.

No man, since the Plantagenets, had brought the same military talents to the service of his country. The Protector stood before his generation as the commander of his times. Conde said, "Queen Christina has done great things, but your Cromwell has done greater!" and no man through the long line of our princes had done so much to make the name of England honourable and of weight among the nations! But all this availed him not. The people of England were not to be fascinated, even by such means. They clung with a feeling of hereditary pride to the thought of being governed by such men only as had descended from their ancient kings; and by such institutions only as had been bequeathed to them by a remote—and as they would fain think, by a noble ancestry. Hence their attention was too easily diverted from Cromwell's great genius as a soldier, from his eminent political wisdom, his private virtues, his genuine patriotism, and even from the magnanimity which gave so much imposing splendour to his foreign policy. In place of dwelling with exultation on such themes, the minor faults in the character and proceedings of this hero seem to have been always before them; and their great talk still was about the necessity of restoring the exiled family, on proper conditions, and about the folly of supposing that there could be tranquillity on any other basis. This was very pitiable. Our

neighbours have been always going astray from their vanity, and we have been always going astray from our pride. We have both fallen short of the proper manhood of nations. We have given supremacy to persons rather than to principles—in place of knowing how to subordinate the former duly to the latter. With the weakness of children, we have mistaken the shadow for the substance: and have given that worship to the symbol, even when mutilated and dishonoured, that should have been reserved for the thing signified."

"Macaulay says the events which followed his decease are the most complete vindication of those who exerted themselves to uphold his authority. His death dissolved the whole frame of society. The army rose against the parliament, the different corps of the army against each other. Sect raved against sect: party plotted against party. The Presbyterians, in their eagerness to be revenged on the Independents, sacrificed their own liberty, and deserted all their old principles. Without casting one glance on the past, or requiring one stipulation for the future, they threw down their freedom at the feet of the most frivolous and heartless of tyrants. Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave. The king cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceory of France, and pocketed, with complacent infamy, her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons, regulated the measures of a government which had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute. The

principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier, and the *Anathema Maranatha* of every fawning dean. In every high place, worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race, accursed of God and man, was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth, and to be a byword and shaking of the head to the nations."

"Reason and philosophy," continues Macaulay, "did not teach the conqueror of Europe (Napoleon) to command his passions, or to pursue, as a first object, the happiness of his people. They did not prevent him from risking his fame and his power in a frantic contest against the principles of human nature and the laws of the physical world, against the rage of the winter and the liberty of the sea. They did not exempt him from the influence of that most pernicious of superstitions, a presumptuous fatalism. They did not preserve him from the inebriation of prosperity, or restrain him from indecent querulousness in adversity. On the other hand, the *fanaticism* of Cromwell never urged him on impracticable undertakings, or confused his perception of the public good. Inferior to Bonaparte in invention, he was far superior to him in wisdom . . . . Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which, if our national impartiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterised the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The cup which has almost intoxicated all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its own

buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it . . . . Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince. . . . .

"Some of his enemies have sneeringly remarked that in the successes obtained under his administration, he had no personal share; as if a man who had raised himself from obscurity to empire solely by his military talents, could have any unworthy reason for shrinking from military enterprise. This reproach is his highest glory. In the success of the English navy he could have no selfish interest. Its triumphs added nothing to his means of overawing his enemies; its great leader was not his friend. Yet he took a peculiar pleasure in encouraging that noble service, which, of all the instruments employed by an English government, is the most impotent for mischief, and the most powerful for good. His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and convulsive exertion which necessarily produce debility and languor. Its energy was natural, healthful, temperate. . . .

"When the Dutch cannon startled an effeminate tyrant in his own palace, when the conquests which had been won by the armies of Cromwell were sold to pamper the harlots of Charles, when Englishmen were sent to fight, under foreign banners, against the independence of Europe and the Protestant religion, many hearts swelled in secret at the thought of one who had never suffered his country to be ill-used by any but himself. It must indeed have been difficult for any Englishman to see the salaried viceroy of France, at the most important crisis of his fate, sauntering through

his harem, yawning and talking over a dispatch, or beslubbering his brother and his courtiers in a fit of maudlin affection, without a respectful and tender remembrance of him, before whose genius the young pride of Louis and the veteran craft of Mazarin had stood rebuked; who had humbled Spain on the land, and Holland on the sea; and whose imperial voice had arrested the sails of the Libyan pirates, and the persecuting fires of Rome."

So various have been the opinions of this great man, it would be curious to collect all the varying forms of thought through which the minds of his historians and biographers have moved, in reference to him; but in this place they cannot be collected. Time is now doing honour to his memory. It is the peculiar glory of our country, that she has produced the two most perfect men, in the most opposite spheres of life,—Shakspere, the most perfect man of contemplation; and Cromwell, the most perfect men of action.

FINIS.

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